J

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

DEC 12 1949

The New Statesman and Nation, November 26, 1949

THE CASE OF "JOHN HADLOW"

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 977. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] **SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1949** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	601
THE CASE OF "JOHN HADLOW"	603
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DIRECTORS	604
SCAP'S PROGRESS	604
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	605
THIS ENGLAND	606
MESENTENTE CULINAIRE. By Sagittarius	606
DE GASPERI DIGS IN. By Basil Davidson	606
STEEL TOWN—I. By Mervyn Jones	607
CHINESE COMMUNISTS—II. By Michael Lindsay	608
SO THEY SAY ... By Autolycus	609
ANGUISH. By Honor Tracy	609
GUIDED MISSILES EXPERIMENTAL RANGE. By Robert Conquest	610
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Pierrot Lunaire. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	610
Bundles of Nerves. By T. C. Worsley	611
Radio Notes. By Michael Innes	612
The Movies. By William Whitebait	612
ELBA. By Alan Ross	612
CORRESPONDENCE	613
From Thelma Geldenhuys; Eleanor Hawarden; J. F. Horrabin; John Rex; David Low; R. W. Faint; Kenneth Pickthorn, M.P.; Rose Ehelich; D. H. Daines; H. Warson; Kyriakos Mikhail; and E. J. Smythe.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Clive Bell	616
REVIEWS:	Page
A Wasted Giant. By Walter Allen	618
All We Need to Know. By G. W. Stonier	618
Between Producer and Consumer. By Aylmer Vallance	622
New Novels. By J. D. Scott	622
The Utopians. By Leonard Woolf	624
The Poet and His Age. By G. S. Fraser	624
Music and Its Instruments. By Winton Dean	626
England Without Tears. By R. H. S. Crossman	627
A Rewarding Critic. By Michael Hamburger	628
New Chess Books. By Assiac	628
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	629

COUNTING THE COST

THE threats and counter-threats at Lake Success have become so habitual that we have ceased to treat them as "news." Last week Mr. McNeil told Mr. Vyshinsky that the time for a peaceful understanding was rapidly running out; but even this blunt warning was received with languid interest by a world which has accepted with a shrug of the shoulders the revelation that the atomic armament race is already under way. Superficially, it looks as though both blocs were acting on the assumption that war is inevitable.

But as so often happens, the grandiose declarations are smoke screens; and the realities of politics are more complex. In Washington, the unexpected speed with which the Russians have overtaken the Western advantage in atomic warfare is producing a deep convulsion; just as Tito's rebellious survival has thrown the Kremlin on the defensive. If the advocates, on either side, of a quick preventive war ever had real influence—which we doubt—it is negligible to-day. Both blocs are so divided and militarily vulnerable that adequate preparedness for war, in the eyes of the professional soldier, has become a paper abstraction or at best a wishful dream of the remote future.

The question is whether the statesmen will draw the right political conclusions from the strategic surveys and calculations of industrial requirements presented by the soldiers. It can now be proved, with mathematical precision, that, in the atomic age, even the minimum requirements for defence against aggression exceed the capacities not merely of poverty-stricken Europe but of America and Russia themselves, unless Mr. Truman and Mr. Stalin are prepared to transform their countries' economies into total war economies. Even fifty years ago it was possible by combining conscription with a highly trained professional army to maintain a peacetime establishment capable of rapid mobilisation without ruining the economy. To-day this is impossible. In order to be prepared for war, any State must be permanently and totally organised for war.

Consider, for instance, the implications of two problems which face the British Cabinet. Radar, which a few years ago was the enormously expensive adjunct of aerial and naval defence, will soon become a requirement of the infantry platoon; and the cost of maintaining a single infantry division will correspondingly increase. Moreover, the jet bombers, with which it is proposed to re-equip the R.A.F., will probably cost over £500,000 apiece, if ever they are permitted to pass from the drawing board to the assembly line. It is widely recognised that Britain cannot conceivably, out of her own resources, prepare for war on this scale. What is not yet admitted, outside professional military circles, is that the Americans and the Russians are unable to foot this bill on a scale which includes the defence of their allies. The cost of war has become so prohibitive that no nation can meet the military commitments which are involved in its present foreign policy. In other words, the East-West conflict is now beginning to produce its own *reductio ad absurdum*.

It is this fact which gives at least some hope for the survival of mankind. The Americans, who in their heart of hearts thought the Russians pretty sensible to turn down the Baruch proposals for atomic control, are beginning to realise that they themselves need disarmament as badly as the Kremlin. Mr. Truman knows that Western Europe will collapse if Marshall Aid or its equivalent is not given beyond 1952. He also knows that Western Union cannot rearm except on the basis of a gigantic lend-lease programme; and, lastly, he is only too well aware that the present budget deficit is bound to be increased not only by the costs of the Fair Deal, as it is pushed through in stages, but by ransom paid to the American farmers, on whose votes his re-election depends. If Britain is living beyond her means, so, on a far vaster scale, is the U.S.A. Something has to be sacrificed, and the most obvious and least harmful cut would be defence. If no nation were producing weapons of mass destruction, both Mr. Snyder and Mr. Acheson could begin to make sense of their job.

It may be replied that this argument has no cogency in the Kremlin, since in Russia the needs of the consumer can be ruthlessly subordinated to those of national defence. But this is an oversimplification. For the Russians, the banning of weapons of mass destruction would bring considerable advantages. Quite apart from the obvious economic gains, it would leave the Soviet Union impregnable against attack, since the Red Army in a land war has no rival. So too Britain, indefensible in terms of atomic warfare, would be relieved of an intolerable burden.

We believe, therefore, that the histrionics of Lake Success are misleading. We do not yet despair of the chances of a new and more realistic approach to the central problem of disarmament. Here Britain and France have an important role to play. Since Western Europe is the most vulnerable and the most vital strategic area in the whole world, it is our duty to encourage those forces in the U.S.A. which are anxious, for whatever motives, to break the deadlock. With them we should work out concrete proposals not merely for controlling atomic energy but for the elimination, by agreement with the Russians, of all weapons of mass destruction.

A Yardstick for Groundnuts

The Opposition's mistaken decision to turn last week's debate on the Overseas Food Corporation into a personal defence of Mr. Wakefield and a personal attack on Sir Leslie Plummer meant that the opportunity for a serious discussion of the Groundnuts Scheme was missed. Mr. Strachey was able to give a fairly encouraging account of progress in recent months. But the fact that the target acreage has been scaled down from 3 million to 600,000 acres, while the present reduced cost of clearance is still nearly four times the first estimate, shows that the early hopes of a profitable return on an investment of £50 million has been largely abandoned. As Mr. Strachey quite rightly stressed, profit in a narrow commercial sense should not be the prime object of the Corporation: we are bound to "lose" money in the early stages of this experiment in large-scale mechanised agriculture in Central Africa. But he left one question unanswered. If profit is not to be his yardstick, as it is in the case of all other Public Corporations, what tests of efficiency will he apply? Nothing is easier, as was found so often during the war, than to waste vast sums on projects where the objective was constantly shifted and for whose efficiency, therefore, no criterion was available. The original objective of the Groundnuts Scheme has been greatly modified. But it is not sufficient to talk vaguely of the value of the experience gained and the incidental benefit to Africa of the roads, railways, ports and hospitals now being constructed. Mr. Strachey should lay down two or three simple tests by which he will judge the work of the Corporation —and he should stick to them even if, measured by this standard, the Corporation, from time to time, has to admit a failure or reverse.

The Chancellor's Optimism

Sir Stafford Cripps's optimism at his press conference last Thursday has been followed by the publication this week of the October trade figures —the first to reflect the consequences of devaluation. October's imports were valued at nearly £199 millions, a rise on the previous month of 11 per cent., out of which 8 per cent. is attributable to the change in exchange rates. As all imports were valued at the new rates, the total comes out bigger than the actual bill that will have to be paid; for some of the October imports were actually bought in advance at the old rates. The month's exports rose by £14 millions to £156 millions, and in volume from 144 to 156 per cent. of the 1938 average—in itself a satisfactory increase. The daily rate, in value, was the highest since January. One month is little enough to go by, and the effects of devaluation cannot yet be at all fully reflected in the figures; but, for what they are worth, they leave the adverse visible balance higher by £2 millions than it was in September, despite the sharp increase in exports. Sir Stafford accounted for this tendency by the large increase in stocking of imported food and materials, which strengthens Great Britain's bargaining position for the immediate future. He also laid stress on the continued advance of production, which is now 6 per cent. above a year ago, or 8 per cent. for manufactures alone. He denied that there was any sign of increasing inflationary pressure at home, and was optimistic about prospects in the U.S. and Canadian markets. Finally, he was short with questioners who wanted to know whether the Bank of England would persistently hold up the value of gilt-edged securities, and brusque in telling those who were demanding compensation for the fall in such values that they need not sell at present prices. The Chancellor is confident: we hope future trade figures will bear him out.

Freezing Wages

Undeterred by the attitude of the engineering and shipbuilding Trade Unions, the General Council of the T.U.C. has endorsed the policy of wage restraint, not only for the next few months but apparently until January, 1951, at earliest. Conditions are attached: the worst paid workers—and by these the Council presumably means those whose weekly wages are less than 90s.—must not be prevented from asking for re-adjustments; and the whole wage-freeze will fall to be reconsidered if the cost of living rises by more than 6 per cent., or—one may infer from the Council's attitude—if the Chancellor fails to deal adequately with the still rising curve of industrial profits. With these qualifications, the General Council has pledged its support for the Government's line. The question is how far this lead will be followed by individual Unions. The position in the sliding-scale industries remains uncertain. The offer of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation to suspend its sliding-scale agreement for one year is conditional on others doing the same. The two main groups affected are the boot and shoe operatives and the builders; neither Union has yet defined its attitude. The builders, who would be due under their scale for a rise in the New Year, have a strong case: the latest returns of weekly earnings brought them out nearly at the bottom of the list, as far as adult male workers are concerned. Their attitude is likely to depend, in large part, on whether the engineers and shipbuilders have second thoughts about their demand for a 20s. a week increase when the T.U.C. statement is finally published.

Austria Devalues

The increasing slump in Austria's exports has at last forced Dr. Figl's government to devalue the schilling. The new official rate, which will apply to the import of most Marshall Plan goods, will be 14.4 schillings to the U.S. dollar and 40.32 to the pound; but foreign tourists will be able to buy currency at the rate of 26 schillings to the dollar. Further, exporters are to be allowed to exchange three-fifths of their foreign earnings at this rate, and will be required to hand over only the remaining two-fifths to the National Bank at the official rate. By this means it is evidently hoped to shield the Austrian economy from the full impact of devaluation on the internal price of consumers' goods. The cost of living has been rising sharply—as a result, so the Austrian Socialists contend, of the policy of scrapping controls—and any further increase would be likely to bring to a head Trade Union pressure for increased wages. The Government is already faced with a demand for a non-recurring bonus, on the French pattern, to augment minimum earnings.

The Role of the Universities

The *Universities Quarterly*, with Charles Morris (now Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University) as its editor, looks like becoming a really influential periodical. Its new issue is largely devoted to a discussion of problems raised by Sir Walter Moberley's *The Crisis in the University* —a book which has really made a dent in current thought about England. Years ago it was said that the student at the old Universities had the choice between doing an Honours degree, and hearing everything discussed and nothing settled, or alternatively doing a Pass degree, in which case he would be coached by old "so-and-so," who told him the real truth. Now Sir Walter's view is that unless there is some real truth, preferably the Christian faith, accepted as the basis for teaching, the undergraduate will, in fact, like Omar, go out by that same door by which he did come in. This controversy is ably continued by a group of distinguished critics in the *Universities Quarterly*. Professor Oliphant is alarmed by the confusion of scientific and technical education. He holds, rightly, that courses "in sewage disposal, petroleum production, brewing, tanning of leather, etc., must be replaced by a thorough training in modern mathematics." Such subjects are all right in their place, but their place is a technical college. Amongst the other articles, including a discussion on German Universities to-day by Lord Lindsay, one of the most interesting contributions comes from Mr. Lionel Elvin, the Principal of Ruskin. His notion is that there is no reason why Redbrick University should not win for itself the same advantages as the old Universities, and no reason why the old Universities should not extend their services unimpaired to the scholarship boy. In short, we are involved in the old discussion about whether culture is something exclusive, necessarily preserved for a small élite, or whether it can be shared by everyone.

Enter Daladier

Our Paris Correspondent writes: In the old days, the French Radicals used to say that they refused to regard anyone to the Left of them as enemies; to-day there is a very large fraction of the Radicals who consider that "there are no enemies on the Right," but only on the Left. These enemies are not only the Communists, but the Socialists, a large part of the M.R.P. and, in short, anyone who is in the least *étatiste* and in any way opposed to ultra-liberal "free enterprise." "Back to 1910!" the *Franc-Tireur* ironically commented on the Radicals' Toulouse Congress. The fact that, in the election of the Party president, M. Herriot was re-elected by 759 votes against M. Daladier's 382 is no indication at all of the real mood of the Radical delegates. Simply, the moment for breaking up the Government Coalition was considered inopportune, and the Radical Ministers have been allowed to stay in the Government until after the Budget vote; but the Radical deputies may vote against the Government if they consider the new taxation "massive and disastrous." Lip service was paid to the "coalitionist" leaders, such as Herriot, Queuille and René Meyer; but all commentators agree that the fullest moral support went to M. Daladier. His noisy re-emergence in French politics is significant; it was he who, at Toulouse, led the revolt against the Herriot-Queuille group, and declared that it was not necessary for the Radicals "to be condemned to live forever" with the Socialists and the M.R.P. His following are opposed to practically all that has been done since 1945 by way of social reforms and nationalisation; they demand a revision of the Constitution—some wish to endow the Upper Chamber with the powers enjoyed before the war by the Senate—and an early dissolution of the National Assembly, which Daladier described in de Gaullist style as "a roomful of paralytics." The Radical Congress—a noisy and ill-tempered affair—passed resolutions in favour of "free enterprise" almost entirely identical with those passed by M. Paul Reynaud's conservative group. Last year, the Radicals considered that "bigamy" could not be allowed in the Radical Party, i.e., simultaneous membership in the Radical Party and in the de Gaullist R.P.F. This time this awkward question was not raised and the de Gaullist Radicals were clearly on Daladier's side, despite their air of "neutrality." The Radicals, whose importance in 1945 had dwindled to almost nothing, have now reconstituted their Federation, and plan, in the opinion of most observers, to gang up with the Right and the Gaullists in the next election, as soon as P.R. is abolished—with Socialist help, they hope. The opportunism of most of the Radicals and their contempt for some of their oldest traditions, such as lay education, is well demonstrated by their resolution in which they call themselves *laïques*, but add that they would not dream of interfering with parents' choice of their children's school. In short, Daladier has, in the phrase of the *Monde*, "made a date with the Future." And does not the Future, in this case, mean de Gaulle?

PARLIAMENT: Nuts in the Air

Wednesday

A *Picture Post* article praising the Groundnuts Scheme, and entitled the Groundnuts Scandal, had been circulated to Members before the Debate, confirming some in their support and others in their hostility. By the end of the day, it became clearer why one set of facts might yield two opposing conclusions. The bulldozers rusting in the bush after their long journey from Okinawa might be evidence of a courageous attempt at improvisation; or of ineptitude. Harris, a Tory business-man, offered a detailed criticism of the Overseas Food Corporation's accounts. It wasn't the sort of business that *he* would put money into. Yet, judged by the criterion which Gilbert Macallister and John Hynd set, of developing the Commonwealth and adding to the world store of fats, the cost seemed low.

In a silent but attentive House, Strachey began his defence of the Groundnuts Report. He didn't elaborate the disappointments and the triumphs of the pioneers. The business-men wanted to know where was the money and where were the nuts. Strachey told them. The money was either in the enterprise, or had found its way back to the Treasury through the Disposals Board. And the nuts were on the way, although they might be a little late. His supporters were kindled by his description of a struggle in which the issue was: which would run out first, the malice of Africa or the funds of the Corporation.

Oliver Stanley was somewhat taken aback by Strachey's cool defence. For once, his playfulness was not attuned to the mood of the House. Even his spontaneous witticisms did not seem to have had their usual, careful preparation. But his main reproach that Strachey had used a military metaphor—"In military operations the penalty of failure is dismissal"—to justify the dismissal of two battalion commanders, Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Rosa, while the general, Sir Leslie Plummer, went scot-free, carried more weight than his analysis of the Groundnuts Plan itself.

The particular offence of the two dismissed men wasn't apparent. Nor, indeed, was any specific charge laid by the Opposition against Sir Leslie Plummer, except that he was once in the I.L.P. and was an old friend of Strachey. If, on the other hand, the fault of the two men lay, in the one case in the failure of the O.F.C. to bring back the nuts, and in the other case in its failure to keep proper inventories, then the responsibility is a collective one, from which Sir Leslie Plummer cannot be subtracted. No one made a better speech on this theme than Wilson Harris, the Junior Burgess for Cambridge University, who has been called "the case for University representation."

From Strachey, the metaphor was infelicitous, and might almost have been planted on him by a *provocateur*. But Colonel Hamilton, the Labour Member for Sudbury, delighted the House with a "When - I - was - in - Baluchistan - during - the - First-World-War" speech which, in its comparison of pioneering in Africa with military pioneering, was as apt as it was modest. He was one of several Labour Members who refused to apologise for the Corporation's neglect of conventional cost-accounting on the battlefield of its early days.

It may well be that the Tories who had studied the Report or inspected the groundnuts area were not called. What is certain is that, apart from one or two back-benchers, no Tory made any substantial attack on the details of the Report. Lennox-Boyd, winding-up for the Opposition in the absence of Crookshank, who was unfortunately ill, urged that the Overseas Food Corporation should be attributed to the Colonial Office and Creech Jones. Creech Jones hurriedly disclaimed any wish to extend his dominion. Lennox-Boyd's next tack was to suggest that peasant proprietorship, not State-farming, was the way to get groundnuts. This interesting argument betrayed an underlying, political hostility to the Groundnuts Scheme, and explains why some Tories do not suffer unduly because of its difficulties. Public Corporations, tractors, plans? Sounds devilish like Socialism. Let's get back to the wattles, the hoe and the happy black family.

MAURICE EDELMAN

THE CASE OF "JOHN HADLOW"

TUESDAY'S House of Commons discussion of the "John Hadlow" incident revealed that some Members of Parliament are completely at sea about the issues involved. One Member, Mr. Jennings, even went so far as to ask why the editor of this journal did not tell the Home Secretary the real name of the writer to whom we had accorded anonymity! No one who has the remotest idea either of the history and tradition of the Press or of the actual problems of editorship could have asked such a question. An editor is just as much a repository of confidences as a doctor or a lawyer. His right and duty to maintain secrecy are recognised by the law—the only exception, we believe, is where the Official Secrets Act or Parliamentary privilege is involved, and even here it may well on occasion be the duty of the editor to go to prison himself rather than break faith with a contributor.

To suggest that it would not be a serious breach of faith on the editor's part to reveal a name against the will of the writer is to challenge a very important part of the traditional function of the Press as a "watchdog of liberty." The story of the battle for the freedom of the Press has often involved the right of anonymity just as it has included the defeat of efforts to apply the law of criminal libel as a means of stifling Press criticism. The case of Junius, quoted by the Home Secretary in the House on Tuesday, is only one of many in which liberty has been preserved and enlarged by anonymous criticism. Anonymity is frequently necessary if criticism is to be outspoken and honest. During the war, for instance, those holding positions in public service were frequently enabled by the rule of anonymity successfully to expose Ministerial blunders and official scandals which otherwise would have remained unremedied.

There is a second issue beside that of anonymity. There are those who suggest that "John Hadlow's" letter should not have been published unless the Editor had previously assured himself of the truth of all the facts contained in it. This is a view which does not bear scrutiny. It is especially odd that anyone should hold it after the recent discussion in the House of Commons of the right of the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Mail* to print what were admittedly very damaging and, as it proved, untruthful, statements about a group of workers who had no opportunity of defending themselves. The Minister of Labour, who began by attacking these newspapers on the assumption that their own reporters were at fault, handsomely apologised when it became clear that they were accurately reporting statements which themselves were false, but for whose falsity neither the Editors nor the reporters were responsible. If the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Mail* were not to blame for publishing these untrue statements—and that was clearly the view of the Commons—how much less are we to blame for publishing a letter from a "national daily" journalist whose eye-witness report we were obviously not in a position to check! Moreover, editorial responsibility for views and facts published in the correspondence columns is admittedly much less direct than for statements in editorial or news columns. We are glad to note that the Home Secretary did not say, either in his original statement or in the statement that he read before the House of Commons on Tuesday, that this journal ought not to have published the letter; nor did he make the impossible suggestion that we ought in some way to have carried out a private inquiry into its allegations before publishing it. He did, however, suggest that we should not have published the letter without assurance that the writer would come forward if an inquiry were offered. In the last resort this view challenges the right of anonymity, and we doubt whether Mr. Chuter Ede, with his scrupulous regard for civil liberties, would maintain it.

What, then, is the editor's responsibility in publishing letters? He must assure himself, as far as he can, that they are not libellous and that the writer—especially if the letter makes serious allegations—is a reputable person who writes in good faith and is in a position to know what he is talking about. All these demands were satisfied in the case of "John Hadlow." He was an established journalist and he was an eye-witness of the incident he described. He had not, as far as we could judge, any axe to grind in the matter. His letter, moreover, provided a specific example of allegations which reached us in other letters that were not published because they were too vague or tendentious. That he was justified in asking for anonymity when he sent us the letter is apparent from the fact that he was compelled to resign after the matter had been raised in the House. We sought to persuade "John Hadlow" that he was more likely to be dismissed if he tried to remain anonymous than if he came forward boldly, when he would be protected by the whole weight of public opinion. In this matter of the inquiry we desired whole-heartedly to co-operate with the Home Secretary; and he very fairly acknowledged to the House of Commons that we did so. But "John Hadlow" had the right to his anonymity and we were compelled to accept his decision.

Apart from publishing "John Hadlow's" letter, this journal has made, in recent weeks, no criticism of the police, except to point out the obvious undesirability of drafting ex-Palestine policemen into the East End. We are indeed thankful that, in contrast with the police in most countries today, ours remain civilians and faithful servants of the public. But we cannot admit that they are sacrosanct; nor can we surrender our right to print attacks upon them, when, in our view, it is in the public interest to do so. Newspapers, with different political views from our own, are constantly making the gravest allegations against the staffs of public Corporations; and no one, so far as we know, has challenged their right to do so. If Members of Parliament complain that criticism of the police affects their morale, then they should be equally solicitous for the morale of the men and women in our nationalised industries; in that case it would follow that allegations against those in every sort of public service are in future to be regarded as improper.

Merely to state this is to reveal its absurdity. We defend, for instance, the right of the *Sunday Express* to accuse certain public servants of acquiring motor cars by unfair methods, not because we believe for one moment that the charge can be substantiated, but because we hold that the whispered rumour and the "smear campaign," by word of mouth, are far more harmful to a free society than allegations in cold print which can be publicly investigated.

Members of Parliament rightly insist that one of their main duties is to give voice to public criticism and concern; and they possess a unique immunity from any penalty, even when the allegations, which they make in the House of Commons, are both serious and erroneous. The freedom of the Press to criticise is equally vital; but the Press neither enjoys the immunity provided by Parliamentary privilege nor has it ever laid claim to it.

It will be an evil day if Parliament, properly enjoying its special immunity, comes to resent the much more restricted right of the Press to complain of grievances and to print allegations. Each in his own way, the Newspaper Editor and the Member of Parliament, by courageous and responsible use of his right of criticism, defends the citizen against arbitrary power.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DIRECTORS

ALMOST every appointment to a top position in nationalised industry has been greeted by the Opposition with a cry of "Jobs for the boys," with the added inference that the fees and salaries for such positions are grossly inflated. Though feeling in the Labour Movement has tended to be that too many quondam capitalists and "brass hats" have been put on the various Boards, the rank-and-file Trade Unionist has also been inclined to feel that former Union leaders are often being paid too highly for their services in public Corporations. Yet the principle upon which these fees and salaries have been based is that, while the nationalised sector of industry remains small, it must be able to compete within reason for talent which might otherwise be attracted to lucrative jobs in private business. It can be admitted that the choice of Board members has not always been too good; that many of them would not be eagerly sought after by private firms; and that their present incomes in many instances are far greater than those they enjoyed before. But how do these incomes compare with those earned by Directors in private enterprises of equivalent size?

Though much less is known about managerial salaries in private as opposed to nationalised industry, the fuller accounts rendered under the new Companies Act provide some interesting comparisons—and comparisons that are fair, since the remuneration of company Directors and public Board members comes from the same source, the earnings of their industry.

The highest salaries paid by nationalised industry are those of the National Coal Board, whose members received in 1948 a total of £48,339. Imperial Chemical Industries, which is much smaller than the Coal Board, in terms of manpower, turnover and capital value, paid its Directors £313,730. Imperial Tobacco, J. Lyons and Lever Brothers all paid their Directors more than £200,000. Some twenty more concerns, including Tate and Lyle, Boots, Carreras, Courtaulds, Guest Keen and Nettlefold's, Odhams, Ford and Vickers, paid out more than £100,000, and at least another fifty companies spent on their Directors more than the Coal Board.

There are about three hundred members of the public Boards: less than a dozen earned more than £5,000 a year. The top salary of all is £8,500, which is much less than the £12,500 paid, under pre-war Tory Governments, to the Chairman of London Transport. Although company accounts do not disclose individual salaries, it is obvious from the total figures that many Directors, at least in the larger firms, must have gross incomes of five figures. Many private directorships, moreover, are only part-time, and a glance at the *Directory of Directors* shows how common are multiple directorships. Virtually all public salaries of more than £1,000 a year are full-time, and part-time members of the Boards only get between £500 and £750 a year.

None of the nationalised industries pays their Boards as much as £250,000, even allowing for those with Area Boards, such as Gas and Electricity. But, to take only a few examples, private Boards in Iron and Steel, Motor manufacturing. Printing and Newspapers, and the Food industries, all take more than two million pounds a year out of those industries' earnings.

Now the public sector of the national economy is at present about one-quarter the size of the private sector. But the total remuneration to members of public Boards is less than £700,000 a year. The *Economist* computes that Directors' emoluments in private industry amount to more than £36 millions—about fifty times as much. The moral is obvious. It is also worth noting that the same companies, which paid £36 millions to their Directors, only paid £183 millions, just five times as much, in debenture interest and preference and ordinary dividends. The money paid to Directors exceeds either debenture interest or preference dividends.

Can it be that the "anti-nationalisers," the people behind the Tory Front Bench, are more disturbed at the prospect of losing their directorships, and all that goes with them, than by the fear that shareholders may be "inadequately" compensated if their industry is nationalised?

SCAP'S PROGRESS

THERE is every indication that active preparations are now being made in Washington for an early conference to consider the conclusion of a Peace Treaty with Japan. In a recent statement, Mr. Mayhew confirmed that during their Washington talks Mr. Bevin and Mr. Acheson "were in agreement that the time had come to re-examine the possibilities of negotiating a peace settlement in the Far East," and such a re-examination was now in progress. Reports from Tokyo are, as usual, a good deal more detailed and explicit, hinting that matters have advanced considerably beyond the mere re-examination of possibilities, but except for the fact that General MacArthur, or SCAP (Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers), as he is briefly called, expects to preside over it, it is not clear precisely what kind of conference is being envisaged.

The British Government's policy, according to Mr. Mayhew, is that "all countries which have taken part in the defeat of Japan" should be represented. In Washington, however, where the acting Secretary of State, Mr. James E. Webb, has not committed himself beyond declaring that "so far no agreement on matters relating specifically to the Japanese Peace Treaty has been reached," this expectation is apparently not shared. Mr. Acheson is known to have sounded Mr. Vyshinsky on the matter, but the response seems to have been discouraging. In the Soviet view, this is a matter for the Council of Foreign Ministers to handle, whereas the State Department prefers it to be submitted to the eleven members of the Far Eastern Commission, which takes its decisions with a two-thirds majority and in which the British Commonwealth holds five votes. In view of the far-reaching objectives which the State Department pursues with this initiative, it is not likely to expose it to the dangers of a Soviet veto. A subsidiary difficulty is the unrecognised Government of China. In any event, the United States seems determined, if Soviet and Chinese participation cannot be secured, to go ahead without it; and it appears likely that a preparatory conference will meet early in the new year.

If Mr. Vyshinsky, as he has repeatedly stated, is not satisfied with the progress SCAP has made in his four-year reign, and considers the present state of Japan an inadequate basis for a permanent settlement, Mr. Acheson has no such doubts. Even those circles in the United States who are taking SCAP's highly optimistic reports with a grain of salt, are showing an increasing desire to "get Japan off the American taxpayer's back" and to turn these islands from a liability into an asset in American global strategy. Against such considerations the actual internal state of affairs in Japan is treated as of secondary importance.

American planning in Japan sees three distinct phases in the country's post-war history. The first dated from unconditional surrender to the publication of the Johnston Committee Report in April, 1948, and marked the effective "neutralisation" of the former enemy. The second, which may be characterised as the period of restoration to the status of a neutral customer, is coming to an end now; and the third, that of building up Japan into an effective ally, is about to begin. One of the aims of the U.S. War Department in urging the State Department to hurry up with the Treaty, is the simultaneous conclusion of an American-Japanese "compact" under which Japan, against an American undertaking to defend her against any aggressor, could be legally transformed into an "outpost bastion" of the American Pacific defence system with military, naval, and air bases on a long lease. The forces now stationed in Japan would remain roughly the same, but SCAP would acquire yet another hat, and U.S. Treasury subsidies to the bankrupt Japanese economy could be correctly carried in the books as investments towards United States national security.

The report of the Johnston Committee, among whose signatories were, apart from a number of American businessmen, Under-Secretary Draper (formerly General Clay's chief economic adviser in Germany) and Mr. Paul Hoffmann, the present E.R.P. Administrator, received little publicity at the time of its issue; but it marked a crucial change in American policy towards Japan and effectively prepared the way for the present stage. It made four main recommendations: the provision of substantial amounts of American capital in order to finance the expansion of Japan's shrunken foreign trade; a drastic reduction of reparations; a shortening and softening of the SCAP programme of economic deconcentration which had been directed mainly against the big Zaibatsu monopolies and holding companies; and a vigorous effort to expand Japan's export trade and to enlarge the size of her merchant fleet.

These recommendations were a very clear mirror of SCAP'S own ideas as to where Japan should go, and although they were not adopted in all their details, SCAP has very closely followed the policy initiated by them and on many points gone considerably beyond them. He has, in fact, proceeded to the extreme limits of the wide discretionary powers vested in him by the Far Eastern Commission (powers of which members were astonished to hear on the occasion of Mr. Mayhew's recent statement), while Washington seems to have made full use of its additional right to issue him with interim directives which are subject to subsequent approval by the Far Eastern Commission. In the circumstances, the Commission has exercised little or no influence on SCAP'S operations. The actual development shows a parallel with Western Germany which is so close as to make the two policies almost identical, and there can therefore be no surprise if the results bear much resemblance.

Japan's "housekeeping problems" were and still are largely the same as those of Western Germany at the time of the currency reform. They are reparations, outworn and obsolete equipment, lack of raw materials and fertilisers, lack of

exports, lack of coal, lack of capital, currency inflation and an all-pervading black market. Of these, reparations are an academic grievance. No reparations plants have been removed, and most of those selected for removal are still operating. The official end of reparations, proclaimed by SCAP this year, was therefore mere rhetoric. For the rest, Congress has meantime authorised "limited budgetary appropriations for financing the importation into Japan of materials required for rehabilitation," while the State Department has told the Japanese Government that it may now open trade missions with consular status in the United States. As for the Zaibatsu Programme of decartelisation, legislation was passed by the Japanese Diet in December, 1947, and a list was compiled by SCAP of over 1,200 firms falling under the law; but, as in Germany, the reorganisation of the broken-up combines into smaller units and the redistribution of the expropriated shares have met with insuperable difficulties, and in practice things have been left very much as they were. The Zaibatsu combines can be put together again at any time with little trouble.

The Johnston Recommendations have been more than carried out. Concurrently, SCAP's control machinery has by now been so reduced as to be virtually ineffective. With the withdrawal of the last civil affairs teams on December 1st, all supervision of Japanese local government ceases, and SCAP will have practically no means of knowing whether his directives are carried out. In addition, he has now permitted almost all classes of Japanese to travel freely abroad, authorised the Japanese Foreign Office to control the entry and departure of all Allied nationals not attached to headquarters, and permitted Japan to resume "semi-diplomatic" relations with other countries. In all, over 40 per cent. of all controls have already been abolished, and the remainder will now follow rapidly.

If SCAP claims, as he does, that Japan is now so thoroughly democratic that controls are hardly required, this view is by no means shared by all "those in the best position to know," who insist that such changes as have been brought about are largely superficial, and that the country's shaky economy is closely rivalled by its political ramshackleness, as exemplified in the Yoshida Government. It is only natural that this ineffectual, reactionary Government blows SCAP's trumpet on every occasion, since it stands for the immediate re-introduction of many of the objectionable features of Japanese life which SCAP has reluctantly removed. Already it has brought back its own secret police, which is not only conducting a vigorous anti-Communist drive but has extended its witch-hunt far into liberal fields, particularly into schools and universities. It is known to be anxious to restore his divine cloak to the Emperor and to re-introduce, "in the interest of religious freedom," a modified form of State Shinto. To say nothing of the Zaibatsu, of whom many even now secretly occupy their old key position.

In the coming negotiations, the Yoshida Government therefore feels itself in a strong position. Not only has it done everything SCAP has told it to do and can expect to be backed up by him, but it also hopes to exploit American anxiety to obtain a permanent settlement quickly. Mr. Yoshida has already declared that "Japan does not have to accept a Peace Treaty, if the terms are disadvantageous to her, and could even leave the conference room." His subsequent withdrawal of these words because they "might provoke misunderstanding" reminded one of the Kurusu-Nomura tactics. Surely they were meant to "provoke understanding," and understood they were.

If, however, the Yoshida Government is anxious to conclude a separate peace without the participation of the Soviet Union and China because it realises that the concessions of which it dreams could hardly be obtained from Stalin's and Mao's representatives, the rest of Japan, as represented by the other Parties and the majority of the press, has its grave misgivings about the proposed Treaty for other reasons. Without necessarily agreeing with Mr. Vyshinsky that their country is not fit to be called a "democracy," they quite genuinely dread a state of affairs in which they would be completely cut off from their two most powerful neighbours, who would indeed remain belligerents. In their view, the peace would be merely partial, and even that part obtained at the price of neutrality. Although SCAP somewhat rashly claims that "the Japanese mind has penetrated the hypocrisy of Communism," much popular feeling on this point would automatically coincide with the official Communist line, namely that a rupture of Japan's traditional ties with China is not to her advantage and must therefore be avoided. It is at this point that the antagonism between progressives and reactionaries is bound to come violently into the open; and on it not only the Yoshida Cabinet but much else that SCAP considers secure, may well founder.

A LONDON DIARY

Austin Motors, I see, are following the precedent set by Standard, and are proposing to give their managing director, Mr. Lord, a capital sum of about £100,000 in cash and shares. In return, Mr. Lord covenants that, if he leaves the company, he will not engage in the manufacture of automobiles anywhere in the world. I can quite understand Austin's not wanting to see their able managing director "bought up" by a competitor, but I wonder what Sir Stafford Cripps will have to say if this method of "binding" high-powered executives becomes a common practice in industry. Like "compensation for loss of office," these capital payments (so I gather) are tax-free. This means that if "Critic"—impious thought!—were given £100,000 in return for a promise not to sell his Diary to any other journal, and if he decided to spend this sum over the next twenty years, he would be getting, in that period the equivalent of well over £20,000 a year in earned income—not far short of half-a-million all told. This strikes me as un-muzzling, with a vengeance, the ox that treadeth out the grain. But if the industrialist, why not the journalist? If the journalist why not the worker? If I were a trade union leader in Austin's I would approach my employer with a suggestion that all the workers should receive a really substantial tax-free bonus on condition of signing a pledge not to accept work at Nuffield's. All Morris workers would obviously retort by readily agreeing, in exchange for ready money, not to work for Austin's.

* * *

Last July when the House was debating Germany, Mr. Bevin, in a fit of temper, had complained that the policy of unconditional surrender had "left him with nothing but a shambles to deal with," and gone on to state that the War Cabinet had not been consulted before the announcement and that he himself had been inveterately opposed to the policy. At the time, Mr. Churchill riposted by saying that the first occasion on which he heard the phrase was when the President said it at the Casablanca press conference. Commenting on this, I pointed out that Mr. Churchill's version completely contradicted that of Robert Sherwood who had carefully investigated the whole incident in the *White House Papers* By Harry Hopkins. On Thursday, Mr. Churchill blandly admitted his own mistake in order to reveal an even more serious one on the part of Ernest Bevin. Apparently the real fact is that five days before the fateful press conference, the Prime Minister cabled the War Cabinet that he and Roosevelt were intending to announce the policy of unconditional surrender in respect of Germany. Two days later he received from Mr. Attlee the news that the Cabinet had unanimously agreed provided that Italy also was included. It is easy to understand why the Labour Ministers were so anxious to widen the doctrine. The stench of the Darlan affair was still in their nostrils and there was some evidence that the President and the Prime Minister were contemplating a similar deal with Badoglio and the King of Italy. Rather reluctantly Roosevelt and Churchill accepted the War Cabinet's recommendation, with the result that a secret offer by Badoglio to change sides some weeks before the invasion of Sicily was turned down. So we refused Badoglio when he could have saved us a long and expensive campaign, only to accept him a few months later after the Germans had re-occupied Italy.

* * *

Talking of inaccurate political memories, I am myself wearing dust and ashes for a slip I made last week. In discussing the responsibility for the Warsaw Rising in 1944, I stressed the gravity of the Kremlin's action in refusing to allow Allied planes to land in Soviet territory, its share of the blame in recklessly calling on the Resistance men to rise whether they could be supported or not, and its obscurantism in refusing to admit that the Soviet Armies suffered a serious setback on the outskirts of Warsaw, thereby depriving itself of any defence against the charge of betraying the partisans. All this was correct. Unfortunately, I added that the German troops that barred the way of the Russian Armies were deflected from the West, where the Second Front was still delayed. A correspondent correctly points out that the Warsaw Rising began in August, 1944, two months after the Allies had landed in Normandy.

* * *

As I listened to Mr. J. B. Priestley's account of a day's journey across Lincolnshire into Rutland—what a dull subject that could be!—I decided once again that he is the best of all broadcasters. Matter and manner are equally admirable. His voice, his choice of imagery and his use of colour, the feeling of warmth that comes at you while he is talking—these are technical triumphs of the art which a careless listener does not notice. As a diversion from the fog outside I also listened to a number of dramatic features and decided that in this field the B.B.C. is particularly skilful. Political discussion, on the other hand, appears to be developing a new and rather alarming slant. When selecting its commentators the B.B.C. now seems to assume that impartiality and objectivity are somewhere half-way between those two extremists Sir Stafford Cripps and Sir Waldron Smithers. At present, for instance, the Third Programme on Saturday nights includes a series of unscripted discussions between Mr. Quinton Hogg and Mr. Austin Albu with Sir Arthur Salter as independent Chairman. Anyway, this is an unbalanced team. Since Mr. Hogg is an experienced debator with no pretence to economic expertise, and Mr. Albu is precisely the reverse, the two find it difficult to achieve any meet-

ing of minds. So in comes the independent Chairman and puts at considerable length the "impartial" case against the Government. I have a good deal of sympathy with Mr. Albu, who, on the night that I was listening, took the unusual course of attacking the Chairman's idea of impartiality. Sir Arthur indeed is only impartial in a very Pickwickian sense. He speaks on occasion from the Opposition Front Bench; and in these talks he seems to assume that orthodox Liberal economists are in some sense non-Party and objective, whereas Mr. Albu, as a Socialist economist, is obviously partisan.

* * *

Selected and collected extracts from "This England," each with the appropriate caption, have twice before made exceedingly amusing reading as well as endlessly suggestive social comment. This year's collection (*This England, 1946-49*, price 2s.) is compiled by Audrey Hilton and wittily illustrated by Ronald Searle. There are innumerable ways in which "This England" extracts can be classified. The one category which I hope is not included in this book is the occasional wrongly included item which finds its way into the column because we are caught into accepting some extract which is a voluntary, not an unconscious, joke or which comes from "foreign parts." We were badly caught recently by a contribution which illustrated not a twentieth-century Englishman claiming the right to beat his wife but a Maori doing so in New Zealand. Such mistakes are rare, and in this collection the reader can browse safe in the knowledge that he is not going to be put to the embarrassment of correcting his own laughter. Contributions vary from wonderful bits of solemn nonsense like the letter which acclaims the advantages of local "*anti-Socialist*" coalitions, and adds, "this is a good thing because politics should not be introduced into local affairs," down to fantastic remnants of snobbery like "kipper sur toast." If you want to know how seriously our production plight can be taken, admire the publisher who considers the issue of "fairy stories with a mining angle," and if you are interested in the strange ways of London note that the L.C.C. denies to "animal impersonators" the right to "make animal noises in public on Sundays." Another type which has been tested for breakfast-time reading is an official instruction to civil servants during the fuel crisis to "take advantage of their secretaries between 12 and 2."

* * * *

Thank goodness the moths don't seem to have burrowed far into my tail coat. In a reckless moment I accepted an invitation to the Weizmann-Smuts dinner, where full regalia, which I've not worn for more than ten years, is obligatory. White waistcoat? Yellow, but reasonably clean. It looks distinguished, rather of the Toulouse-Lautrec period. Boiled shirts? Alas! yellow, dusty, impossible. The same goes for white ties, and as for my ancient butterfly collars—impossible. The first shop proudly produces a stiff shirt, costing more than £2 for the tombstone slab variety which I most dislike. Collar? "Oh, I'm afraid not, sir. We've not seen a stiff collar for nine months." "Then," I said, "perhaps the shirt will not be much use to me. Do you mind holding on to it while I look elsewhere for a collar?" The next shop at once produced one. "Perhaps you have also a stiff shirt?" "*Oh no!* Very difficult to get. We haven't seen any stiff shirts for a very long time." He suggested that I might wear a soft white shirt. I explained that on this one occasion it was impossible; the Weizmann dinner would be a very formal affair. "A wonderful man, Weizmann," I said. "Yes," he said dubiously, and then brightening up, "he certainly seems to have kept the Jews quiet lately." This surely is a remark of a classical perfection, destined I feel sure, as a political commentary, to outlast "niggers begin at Calais." In the end I decided to go to Moss Bros. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The Duke of Beaufort visited Leyhill Prison-without-bars last night and spoke to the prisoners on the duties of the Master of the Horse and on Foxhunting.—*Bristol Evening World.* (C. K. Isaac.)

Discharging Albert conditionally for 12 months. Mr. Powell said that if he or his friends got themselves arrested in future, merely to obtain a night's lodging, they would be sent to prison. This way of solving their housing problems could not be tolerated —*News of the World.* (Cecil Lewis.)

Man to clean pig's feet; piece work.—Advert. in *Liverpool Echo.* (J. E. Hickford.)

There are two stories, one about a V.D. hospital and one about a bar for homosexuals, that are as good as one can hope to find in contemporary literature.—Book-jacket reprint of extract from review in *The Times Literary Supplement.* (Francis Meres.)

MESENTENTE CULINAIRE

What is the fatal obstacle to European unity,
What chills the *entente cordiale* of Britain and of France?
What stops the integration of the Marshall Aid community,
What makes the Strasbourg Parliament another wasted chance?
What fundamental conflict hinders mutual solidarity,
What French intractability or British insularity,
What is the hidden cause of international disparity,
Which shipwrecks every hope of international advance?

The Anglo-French conventions and agreements and alliances,
The promises and pledges are a matter of routine,
Their mutual tradition based on culture and the sciences
Conceals but cannot minimise the yawning gulf between,
Their democratic ways and complementary economy
Cannot disguise the absence of benevolence and *bonhomie*,
Their basic disagreement is a question of gastronomy,
On one side, British cooking, on the other, French *cuisine*.

To Frenchmen the acceptance of a menu of austerity
Means culinary suicide, political eclipse;
Despite all protestations of affection and sincerity,
They cannot place full confidence in vegetarian Cripps.
To British Labour stomachs frogs and snails are indigestible,
The French find stews and meat-pies and sausages detestable,
The nations cannot ratify a policy comestible—
One culture's based on *soupe aux choux* and one on fish and chips.

So France seems unreliable and Albion perfidious,
Beneath the council table rages culinary strife;
Both States fear infiltration, and suspicion is insidious,
The war for independence is waged with fork and knife;
The diet of the nation is the basis of its polity,
While beer begets solidity, wine generates frivolity;
Both stand for dietetic independence and equality
Nor France nor Britain will adopt the other's way of life.

SAGITTARIUS

DE GASPERI DIGS IN

THE withdrawal from office of Saragat and his two fellow-Ministers of the Right-wing Socialist Party has not, after all, provoked a crisis or caused De Gasperi to remake his Cabinet. All continues as before, the three vacated Ministries being merely doubled up with three other Ministries already in the hands of the Demochristians. The *crisetta* officially is over. Yet something, hard to define and deep within the processes of parliamentary life, has changed. Gradually—no doubt invisibly, except in moments of tension such as this—the nature of this Government, of its Demochristian majority (absolute in the Chamber, almost so in the Senate), and of the political system over which this majority presides, seems to be changing. There is noticeable, even to the outsider, a certain quickening of the political current: the arrangement of many signs and symptoms in a pattern which begins to have a name. In days gone by this name was theocracy. That is too simple today. Essentially, though, what now begins to emerge from the dust and din of Italian democracy is the shape of a new kind of priestly domination. Having aquired its majority, the Vatican apparently means to keep it—and to use it.

The story of the Right-wing Socialists is soon told. Earlier this year Comisco, through the representatives which it sent to Rome, suggested that Social-Democracy in Italy could become a force only if its warring factions were reunited. At that time these factions, substantially, were three: first, the party of Saragat, whose views today might reasonably be compared with those of Macdonald after 1931 (but whose party contained, and contains, several "Young Turks" who argue that they can make no headway among the workers so long as their party remains within the Government); secondly, the faction of Silone, little more than a handful of intellectuals; and, lastly, the faction of Romita, who had lately led the Right wing of the Socialist Party (Nenni's party, that is) into independence with a view to becoming the Left wing of Saragat's party. Altogether, these three groups had useful representation in both Houses; and they had also a Trade Union movement (split away from the C.G.I.L. in the summer) which was insignificant in working-class membership but might, by united effort, be made stronger. Unhappily for them, the trio disagreed vehemently with each other, and showed a tendency to split still further. This was so obviously a disadvantage that they agreed in principle with Comisco's suggestion for unity after only a few hours of argument.

Saragat consented to the holding of a "unity congress" last September. Difficulties arose, and the congress was postponed—first, until November, and then until December. Now it seems unlikely to take place at all. The reason is simple. The Saragattiani, as things stand, are masters in their own party. Those who want to continue in coalition with the Demochristians—and they include the three Ministers who resigned, Saragat, Tremelloni, and Lombardo—have a majority on their own Executive. With unity, however, they would lose this majority, which for simple reasons of arithmetic would pass to Romita—a man whose liking for office is certainly not less than theirs. Rather than take second place, Saragat and his friends have preferred to reject unity—advancing as a reason that they "did not want Nenni's followers to be smuggled into their ranks as belated converts to anti-Communism," although, of course, Romita and his friends are no longer Nenni's followers. Lest it should

then be said that the Saragattiani were merely clinging to office, the three Ministers resigned. In place of a "unity congress" in December there is now to be a congress of the Saragat party alone; and the business of this congress, arranged for January 4th, will be to answer the question whether or not their Ministers should return to the Government. Since the Romita group is not to be present, the answer is bound to be "Yes." Understanding that, De Gasperi has not bothered to create new Ministers for the three vacated Ministries. The empty seats are being kept warm for their former occupants.

On the surface, all this seems quite friendly and understandable. But the surface does not tell the whole story. In reality, the balance of power within the "Government parties" has significantly changed. What now emerges is that the Right-wing Socialists need De Gasperi more than he needs them. Far from feeling obliged to make concessions in order to broaden his Government, as he undoubtedly felt only a short time ago, De Gasperi can now afford to wait until the Saragattiani come back to him. He can give them the same Ministries, or, if he likes, less important Ministries. He need pay less attention than ever to their programmes and principles. This prospect has disturbed the Saragattiani so much that 16 out of Saragat's 33 deputies in the Chamber have dissociated themselves from him, and formed a separate group which means to pursue the negotiations for unity with Silone and Romita. So now there are four Right-wing Socialist groups.

The shift of power goes further. No sooner was it known that Saragat had resigned than the Liberals (in Italy the party of big money) were thrown into disarray. This reveals more of the current of events than perhaps anything else. In many ways, no doubt, the Italian Liberals have the best of reasons for giving thanks to De Gasperi. The Demochristians have saved Italy from structural change with an assurance and success which the Liberals, a small party representing interests which are largely monoplist, could never have achieved. But the Liberals, seeing the Saragattiani go, were at once in arms. A majority of their Executive voted forthwith for their departure from the Government—which must have meant a full crisis and a new Cabinet. Only after De Gasperi had assured them—to the embarrassment of Saragat—that the three Saragattiani would shortly ask for readmission (having meanwhile kept their rivals in the wilderness by refusing to unite with them) was the "collaborationist trend" able to reverse the vote and keep the Liberals in the Coalition. The final vote, even so, was so close that the Liberal leaders had to make their own Ministers take part—a procedure which was against the party's rules and caused their Secretary-general to resign.

Underlying these parliamentary antics there is more than the play of personal or party ambition. Severely conservative though they be, the Liberals are, after all, a party of the Risorgimento—a party, that is, with a long tradition of hostility to the Vatican and a rooted dislike of Vatican government. So long as the Saragattiani are within the Coalition, the Liberals have an ally at least against unabated clericalism. This dual attitude towards the Demochristians—of needing their protection and yet mistrusting their power—is part of the reason why the great industrialists of Italy support the Government politically, but not economically. They do not want, as with Mussolini, to have their saviours inconveniently strong. Rather than take their share in the "aggressive policy of investment" urged upon them by the Marshall Aid Administration and the Government alike, they prefer to send their capital abroad or to hold it in reserve. With one or two exceptions—all of them securely monopolist—the industries of Italy are not expanding. Their owners, all too clearly, have no mind for expansion.

It is precisely this growth of unabated clericalism that marks the change of the last few weeks. The movement which united this country 80 years ago, that Risorgmento which seems still to overshadow the Italians as a peak never again scaled, was *laico*, anti-clerical, against the Church. Temporal power was taken from the Pope. To-day, by a process sure but often in concealment, the Church is in a fair way to put the clock back, to reinvest itself with temporal power on a grander scale, to have her men and her ideas in every decisive office in the land. Four years ago, it seemed for a brief moment as if the parties of the Resistance, the new parties which rose from the ruins of Fascism, would carry the Risorgimento to a new completion. There was a chance that the unity of Italy might, at last, be made whole by the modernisation of Italy. The Vatican and the Marshall Plan stopped that. So strong now is De Gasperi's position, at least for the time being, that he can watch the spectacle of Saragat leaving the Government as a mere manoeuvre to avoid unification with other Right-wing Socialists. How far the Demochristians can continue to govern—at any rate with a proper use of Parliament—in a country where capital expansion is practically at a standstill while the population grows in leaps and bounds, where a great and increasing majority of organised workers and peasants are bitterly in opposition, and where social and economic strife erupts on every hand, is another question.

Rome, November. BASIL DAVIDSON

STEEL TOWN—I

THE steel town of Corby, in Northamptonshire, is divided, space-wise and time-wise, into three parts. In the first part (reign of Canute to 1933) the streets are called Stocks Lane, Meeting Lane, The Jamb. In the second part (reign of Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited) the streets are called Kelvin Grove, Bessemer Grove, Stephenson Way, The Octagon. In the third part (Urban District Council regime) the streets are called Shakespeare Road, Burns Road, Gray Close. That is as good a capsule history of Corby as you can get.

The Rector, an active, socially-minded man, now a Labour Councillor, came to Corby in 1927. He found a sleepy agricultural centre of some 2,000 souls, a few ironstone workings that belonged technically to the Wayland Smith era, and three small blast-furnaces whose owners called all their employees by Christian names. The Rector, who had come from Gateshead, got the feeling that he was hiding in a quiet backwater from the social challenge of modern times, and was just going to ask for a change when the change came to him and to Corby.

Most of the old houses are still there, huddling together as if for warmth along the narrow, winding main street. Time has merely added one more coat of grime to the solid, handsome local stone. Only a few old houses have slid into dereliction. Physically, the main damage has been the decay of the thatching; there are no more thatchers in Corby, and householders have been glad to get a new roof of tiles or corrugated iron. Still, the heart has gone out of old Corby. Expressionless brick houses compass it about, lorries scream past, darkness falls from the air, and a fifth column of new houses in the very midst of the old town, even where the memory of the butts and the stocks lingered, shows the determination of the invaders.

The soft, unaccented speech of the English Midlands has been pretty well driven from Corby streets. Stewarts and Lloyds are a Scottish firm; and, when they opened their Corby works in 1933, they brought hundreds of skilled workers with them. Others followed, coming from areas hard hit by unemployment, or attracted by the idea of a town where no one is a stranger. Today, two-thirds of the population are Scottish; the rest mingle Welsh, Irish and Yorkshire accents.

The steel works, among the most modern in Britain, handles the entire process of ironstone quarrying, steel-making by Bessemer convertor, and the manufacture and finishing of tubes. It employs 5,500 workers in three shifts—production is continuous. There is no other employment of importance in Corby. Tarmac and fertiliser plants depending on steel by-products, the railway, a small clothing factory, and a British Oxygen Company works, which is to close this year, might between them employ 500 workers. Here is the one-industry town in pure form. But, up to now and in the foreseeable future, full employment is assured. Stewarts and Lloyds are still short of workers, and hands are generally so scarce in the town that, in contrast to most places, shortage of labour and not of funds or materials was the limiting factor in the post-war housing programme.

Although Corby people, overwhelmingly Labour, look forward to steel nationalisation, the general view is that Stewarts and Lloyds are good employers. Conflicts, anyway, have been few. The basic wage is not high, but long hours are normal, and bonus and overtime payments make a stout wage-packet, augmented in some families by women's work—either in Corby shops and laundries or in Kettering, seven miles away. The town has certainly an air of prosperity. Shops are full both of goods and of customers; many sell children's clothes, and few babies go dressed in home-made clothes or ride in the carpentered wooden prams you still see in poor districts of London. The children themselves have that full-employment-and-health-service look we have come to take for granted till we think back to the 'Thirties.

There are grumbles, of course. "It's bed and work, is life here," said one worker, referring to the long hours. Another, more thoughtfully, said: "It's fine if you only think of your family and never of yourself." Then there are the Scots who can't settle down and resent the coldness of surrounding Northamptonshire; but these are mostly unmarried men—the families have created a world of their own. The most frequent grumbles concern amenities and housing. The background to be borne in mind is that Corby is the nearest thing we have in Britain to a company town in the American style. Stewarts and Lloyds planned and built up the place in the decisive years from 1933 to 1939. The Rural District Council did nothing to help, and Corby became an Urban District only in 1939—the youngest in Britain. The firm, then, is entitled to take credit for the bright spots and blame for the dark.

On the welfare side, not many firms would have done better than Stewarts and Lloyds. There is a hall with a fine dance floor, clubs of all sorts, soccer and rugger teams, a recreation centre providing various indoor games, and the like. In laying out the town, the firm provided space for a comfortable cinema and for handsome churches of four denominations, and helped to build them. (The most widely felt defect is an

astonishing absence of pubs. Except for the Corby Hotel, where a steel-worker would be ill at ease, I could not find one pub in the entire new town—and old Corby, for many people, is half an hour's walk.) Nevertheless, everyone agrees that the choice of recreation is insufficient for the town's present population. It will become acutely so if Corby grows. Queues form on Saturday for the buses to Kettering and more distant towns—places with more than one cinema. The women complain that the range of goods offered in Corby shops is inadequate. Shopkeepers say that this is prejudice lingering from the early days, and are countering it with a poster campaign under the slogan "Buy it in Corby!"

In the 'Thirties, the company built 2,200 houses. A few, as I have indicated, are jumbled in with the old village or straggle along the exit roads. But the great majority are laid out in crescents and "closes" of the garden suburb type. They stand behind neat privet hedges, and each house has its little garden, though it can't be said that the Celts have imbibed the art of gardening with English air. The houses themselves are solidly built and comfortable, and the rent is pegged at an average of nine shillings. The houses, of course, belong to the company and are tied to the job. This is a source of some anxiety and resentment, though it must be admitted that, when the war came, the company abandoned the practice of claiming houses back.

Complaints, however, centre not round the houses themselves, but round the siting. The whole job has too evidently been done in a hurry. Main roads ride over the tops of hills; people have to go round three sides of a square to reach the shops. The policy of using every available yard of space has meant that any future provision of new leisure-time buildings, parks, or the like must involve the demolition of houses.

Most keenly felt is the problem of accessibility to the works. The story runs that the firm asked one group of workers whether they wanted to live near to or far from the works, and the choice was the former. Whereupon they were given houses a hundred yards from the blast furnaces, but a mile from the gate where they had to clock on. Certain it is that there are no houses near the main gate, which is reached either by a muddy path or by a long detour which dictates a choice between very early rising and the bus queue.

Criticism can fasten most easily on the "black houses" and on Stephenson Way. I describe them not because they are typical, but because they are the worst; and I pick out the worst because it shows most clearly what is to be avoided—for the heart of planning, as we understand it to-day, is that there should be no worst. The "black houses" stand by a dank stream and were painted with pitch over their bricks to keep out the damp. They are in a muddy, unpaved blind alley totally surrounded by parts of the steel works and right under the shadow of the gasometer. They were not built by Stewarts and Lloyds, but have stood since about 1890, hard by the old blast-furnaces. Neither the company nor the Council has moved to demolish them, partly because of the housing shortage and partly because they are themselves so well built that the Medical Officer cannot find legal grounds on which to condemn them. Again, it isn't the houses, it's the siting. The mind recoils from the thought of living plunged into the smoke and grime of a steel works and at the very foot of a gasometer; and anger at the past becomes concern for the future as one observes children being brought up here.

Stephenson Way is a long semi-circular street which for two-thirds of its length runs along the railway line. This in itself would be bad enough, for constant coal and other goods trains use this line as well as through passenger expresses. But just behind the line stand the four great blast-furnaces, the industrial water-cooler, and the big crusher just opened last year, with the (inevitably) stinking coke-ovens a little beyond. Residents described to me the drawbacks of life in Stephenson Way. The noise, a kind of Berlin airlift, is the least of it; after a while you don't hear it. But there is the smoke blotting out the sun. There is the grime which makes it impossible to hang out the washing if the day is at all damp. There are the flames from the converter that light up the sky so that the children can't sleep. And there is the smell of gas, never absent when the wind is easterly, and occasionally so strong that everyone in the street has a sick headache.

A woman who had lived in Stephenson Way for fifteen years said: "I'd like my house fine if I could move it somewhere else." To begin with, she would have liked to move to the top of the street, where it curves away from the railway and the works, and fronts on to green fields. Fronts—or fronted; for now Stewarts and Lloyds are quarrying for iron ore right up to the back fences of Stephenson Way houses. Diggers scream and rattle, a long trench presents a standing hazard for toddlers, and a mountain of excavated clay stops the view.

In building the second part of Corby, Stewarts and Lloyds did a better-than-average job for a company interested in producing steel for the market and responsible to its shareholders for every expenditure. For the lack of real planning, the inconveniences, the shortcomings in amenities or in the space for them, even for Stephenson Way, one must blame, not so much Stewarts and Lloyds, as the Britain of Baldwin and Chamberlain.

MERVYN JONES

CHINESE COMMUNISTS

II. SPLIT PERSONALITY

COMPLETE consistency and complete unity between theory and practice are ideals which no organisation completely realises. An accurate account of any actual organisation must be statistical, giving the distribution of different viewpoints and different types of behaviour. While some organisations admit, and even pride themselves on the existence of considerable divergences, Communist parties aim at a complete homogeneity in opinion and a complete unity between theory and practice. In some Communist parties, treason trials and heresy hunts suggest that the appearance of unity covers violent internal feuds. But the Chinese Communist Party has been remarkably free from internal feuds since Mao Tse-tung's rise to leadership. The speculations about feuds between rival groups which have often been made by foreign commentators on China seem to have been based on false analogies and very flimsy evidence. It is improbable that all members of the Central Committee have always been in complete agreement, but there is no real evidence to suggest that differences have been strong enough to over-rule the basic loyalty to the decisions of the majority or the dislike of factionalism within the Party. Some of the splits which have been rumoured in the foreign press could be definitely disproved.

On many points the pattern of behaviour in the Chinese Communist Party comes close to the theoretical ideal. It might be possible to find examples of bad discipline in the army, or of dishonesty among officials; but such cases would be quite exceptional, and the general pattern of behaviour shows a grouping closely concentrated round the ideals of good discipline and incorruptibility. However, in other respects there is a very wide range of divergence both in thought and action. There are many examples of extremely competent administration; but one can also find examples of frightful red tape and bureaucratic irresponsibility. There are many examples of very real concern for the welfare of the ordinary citizen; but there are also examples of complete callousness. There is a sharp contrast between serious and scientific thinking at one extreme and the parrot-like repetition of propaganda slogans at the other.

The numerous examples of divergences in action and thinking seem to add up to a conflict between two opposing tendencies—on the one hand, rational thought, good administration and respect for the common man; on the other, unreasoning faith in dogma, bureaucracy and contempt for the individual. To an outside observer this conflict seems very fundamental; the development of China is likely to take completely different paths according to which tendency predominates. But, talking to people in the Communist Party, one found that they either failed to see the existence of the conflict or else considered it comparatively unimportant. One could classify people according to the tendency which seemed to be uppermost in their thinking; but, because they themselves did not feel the distinction important, the representatives of the two tendencies did not form opposing groups. The result was to give an extraordinary impression of split personality. There would be sudden contrasts in the pattern of thought and behaviour without, apparently, any consciousness of the change. Sometime the same individual would show different characters in considering different questions.

The two poles of the split personality can be summed up by two slogans. At the All Circles Conference in Peking, which very much impressed educated Chinese opinion, one of the slogans on the walls was a saying of Mao Tse-tung's which can roughly be translated as, "From facts get reality." (Mao Tse-tung himself expounds it as follows: "'Facts' are all objectively existing material things. 'Reality' is the inner relations and orderliness of objective material things. 'Get' implies 'Go and research.'") The other slogan was on the walls of the Communist bookshop in Tientsin and read: "All facts that are not in accordance with revolutionary theory are not real facts." (This was said to be a quotation from Stalin.)

It would be possible to explain these slogans in ways that did not involve a contradiction; but, in their ordinary sense, they do represent two completely different mental attitudes. The first is the attitude of mind which has produced modern science; the second is the mental attitude of the professor who refused to look through Galileo's telescope at the satellites of Jupiter because he knew from Aristotle that they could not exist. An objection that Marx-Leninism is true, while medieval Aristotelianism was not, would miss the point at issue. The medieval scholastic and the doctrinaire Communist share the belief that some human minds can attain absolutely incontrovertible knowledge about the real world by a purely mental process of deduction from general principles. Science since the days of Galileo has developed from the belief that all theories and general principles are subject

to permanent control through the development of experiment and observation and are always subject to possible modification to account for newly discovered facts.

This difference between what might be called the "scientific" and the "doctrinaire" or "scholastic" interpretation of Communist principles leads to very different patterns of thought and behaviour. The "doctrinaire" interpretation leads, at the best, to a theory of political tutelage; at the worst, it provides the rationalisations which allow a Communist Party to degenerate into a dominant minority exploiting the masses. Typical "doctrinaire" behaviour shows a blind devotion to Party directives, with an almost complete disregard for popular opinion, for human suffering, or even for elementary common sense. Given the "doctrinaire" assumptions, this behaviour is perfectly logical. The directives of the Party deduced from Marx-Leninism are absolutely, certainly right. If popular opinion does not like them, it only shows that the masses do not yet understand their real interests. If common sense appears to conflict with the truths of revolutionary theory, then common-sense reasoning must be superficial. Any suffering caused by Communist policies is unavoidable if the best interests of the masses are to be served.

On most internal problems Mao Tse-tung has given a "scientific" interpretation of Communist principles. One can find numerous statements in his writings insisting that the Communist Party cannot represent the masses unless it studies and respects the opinions of the masses; that the success or failure of the Chinese Communist Party will depend on its ability to serve the interests of the masses; that Marx-Leninism should be studied only because it is useful, and that it is worse than useless if studied as a kind of magic which makes a study of the facts unnecessary. In general, this "scientific" attitude has predominated among the Chinese Communist leaders, and it is this interpretation of Communism which impresses intelligent and critical Chinese opinion as being really democratic, even though its forms are different from those of Western democracy.

But the "doctrinaire" aspect of Communist personality still has a great deal of influence. Thinking on some subjects is predominantly "doctrinaire." Publicity is one good example. No one seemed to have drawn any conclusions from the fact that their foreign publicity could often be reproduced in large quotations as straight anti-Communist propaganda. The press was defended with slogans about publicity in the new society being "education" and "serving the interests of the masses." But if one asked how it was educational to give the masses incomplete and distorted information, one seldom got a reasoned answer. Because people were given so little factual information, study groups tended to indulge in scholastic disputations which had little relation to Mao Tse-tung's principles about the importance of basing study on investigation of the real facts.

Partly because of "doctrinaire" publicity, the lower ranks of the Communist Party tend to be more "doctrinaire" in their attitude than the leaders. This often makes it difficult to implement policies based on "scientific" thinking. For the Party leadership the representation of the masses by the Communist Party is a matter of fact and not a dogma. When they find that Communist policies do not command popular support, their reaction is usually to modify the policies, not to suppress popular opinion. But, while a "doctrinaire" local official will obey definite orders, it is very hard to make him responsive to the opinions of the local population or prevent him from feeling that any critics of his policies should be suppressed as reactionaries. When the policies of local officials alienate popular support, they are nearly always changed when the situation becomes known to the higher authorities. But when mistakes are only corrected from above, there is often a very long time-lag. In some of the older Communist areas the people have become conscious of their rights and would make immediate protests against official actions they disliked; but this is not yet generally true. While the Chinese Communist leadership wishes to respect popular opinion, it is not yet ready to implement what Engels called "the first condition of all freedom, that all functionaries should be responsible for all their official acts to every citizen, before the ordinary courts and according to the common law." But so long as the Party leadership remains predominantly "scientific" in its outlook, there is good reason to hope that developments will be in the direction of steadily increasing popular control, and that China will become a genuinely democratic society.

MICHAEL LINDSAY

SO THEY SAY . . .

LAST Saturday, the Fellowship for Freedom in Medicine, which is seeking various changes in the Health Service, held its first annual meeting. The chairman, Lord Horder, in his address, quoted "recent orders" to two hospitals, one of which read: "The use of penicillin in this hospital must be cut down as it is so expensive." The other ran: "The operating theatre will not be used except between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5.30 p.m."

This speech was reported by the *Observer*, the *Sunday Times*, the *Sunday Express*, the *Sunday Dispatch*, the *Sunday Empire News*, and the *People*. Most of these papers headlined Lord Horder's references, without quotes, as statements of fact: *Sunday Times:* HOSPITALS BAN OPERATIONS OUT OF HOURS. *Sunday Dispatch:* OPERATIONS IN THIS HOSPITAL ONLY BETWEEN 9 AND 5.30. *Sunday Express:* ILLNESS GOES BY THE CLOCK—HOSPITAL ORDER. *Sunday Empire News:* HOSPITALS TOLD: 'CUT PENICILLIN.' None of them however, carried the tail-piece to this story, as reported in *Reynold's:*

LORD HORDER COULDN'T NAME THE HOSPITAL

After making serious allegations about the working of the National Health Service, Lord Horder, the King's Physician, was unable last night to back up his statements with necessary facts when questioned by reporters . . . at a Press conference (after the meeting) Lord Horder was asked to name the hospital (re penicillin). He shook his head. "I believe it was from the Ministry," he said. Told that the Ministry knew nothing about it, he replied: "I can't say. It may have come from a Regional Hospital Board . . ." Again Lord Horder failed to name the hospital (concerned in the operating theatre restriction) . . . looking round at the Pressmen, he declared: "You must take this as being authentic."

Well-informed Quarters

Observer, November 13:—

Now (Rokossovsky) re-emerges to be sent to Poland, where he has to overcome the fact that, though born in Poland he speaks hardly a word of Polish . . . .

The Times, November 14:—

Marshal Rokossovsky was born in Poland, lived there until drawn into the Tsarist army as a young man, speaks Polish, and has been generally popular in the country.

Department of Coincidence

Daily Express, November 12:—

"Salome," the sultry Richard Strauss opera based on the Oscar Wilde play, burst on Covent Garden Opera House last night . . the audience of nearly 2,000 was stunned . . . by a grotesque sequence of enigmatical backcloths and fabulous costumes . . . Into the gloom rushed Ljuba Welitsch . . wreathed in a cloak of seven flame-green veils . . to the last second the opera horrified . . . For a moment (after the curtain fall) there was little applause, then the audience recovered. Salome lost seven veils but took 14 curtains.

Daily Worker, November 12:—

LOST SEVEN VEILS, TOOK 14 CURTAINS

"Salome," the sultry Richard Strauss opera to the notorious Oscar Wilde play, burst on Covent Garden Opera House last night. The audience of nearly 2,000 was stunned by a grotesque sequence of enigmatical backcloths and fabulous costumes. Ljuba Welitsch, when she first rushed on to the gloomy crag-bound stage was dressed in a cloak of seven flame-green veils. To the last second the opera horrified. As the curtain fell there was little applause, but then the audience recovered. Salome lost seven veils but took 14 curtains.

AUTOLYCUS

ANGUISH

ANGUISH was in the air: dread of the unknown, terror and dismay. The pigs did not know what lay in store for them, but sensed that it was nothing to their advantage. For the younger ones, who had never been brought to the fair before, the shock was particularly rude. Life, they had believed, was something quiet and orderly, to be enjoyed between four walls, with ample supplies of food appearing at regular intervals. Was there more in it than this? Their elders, sunk in fat, and in their small blue eyes the shadow of doom, merely grunted. Men drove them hither and thither with savage cries, seizing them by the tail and slashing their hams with sticks; and, helpless, they watched their friends be driven away, cart upon cart of them, their snouts thrusting blindly up through the net towards the indifferent sky. They had done nothing wrong: they had given no trouble whatever. On the contrary, they had been delighted with all that was arranged for them, and asked no more than to continue for ever in the same satisfaction and peace. But this they were unable to explain, as they could not speak.

The men in charge of them were not unkindly by nature. They had their work to do and, as the day was wet and raw, they wanted to finish as quickly as possible, and go for a drink and a gossip. They were impatient with the pigs for making a fuss, because everyone knew that pigs were bought and sold and, eventually, slaughtered. The foolish outcry the animals invariably made, as each part of their simple destiny was accomplished, filled them only with scorn.

Apart from the unpleasantness of the weather and the obstinacy of the pigs, they found another and particular source of irritation. The pig fair was held every month in this small country town, always at the same time and in the same quarter and, as a rule, they could count on never seeing a new face from one year's end to another. Today there was a stranger among them and, further, he was not in the least like themselves. They were tall and lean and weatherbeaten, dressed in corduroys and gaiters: he was small and round and pink, and wore on his head a pork-pie hat. He had no business there, that they could see: he had brought no pigs to sell, nor did he bid for any, and yet he appeared keenly interested in all that went on, trotting this way and that, peering into the carts and sties, and

talking to himself meanwhile in a peculiarly rich and grumbling baritone.

The farmers were aware, too of a definite hostility emanating from this little man towards them. He seemed, in some curious way, to be working against them and for the pigs. It was a small thing perhaps, but remarkable, that while he never got out of their way and would burst through the middle of a group in conversation, causing it to scatter in all directions, if a pig was in his path he would skip aside with an exaggerated courtesy, and sweep it a bow as it stumbled on. The men were surprised at this partiality and resented it, but dared do nothing, since for all they knew the little fellow was an Inspector.

Thus, over the fair to-day, there hung a mystery: in the air there was a touch of the unforeseen and the unexpected, such as they were always trying to avoid. They were undaunted, however, and continued sturdily buying and selling pigs and watching the farmhands pack them into the carts; and presently, when the last loads were rumbling away, and the squeals grew fainter and fainter, they turned their steps to the inn, to drink a pint in front of the blazing log fire and to agree with each other that never in all their experience had the outlook for farmers been as black.

All at once, the door of the inn flew open, and there was the little stranger again. Looking neither to left nor to right, he scuttled up to the bar and ordered, in his grumbling voice, a pint of stout. His tiny dark-blue eyes glistened as they brought it to him; and, folding his smooth pink hands protectively about the mug, as if he feared that someone might snatch it away, he began to drink with gurgles of enjoyment, his sandy eyelashes rising and falling gently and deliberately like those of a baby, and his cheeks split in a grin of pure delight.

He drank steadily through to the end of the pint without a pause, and ordered another, and after that, another. A little of the stout was spilled each time, and ran down his chin to his coat, or on to the floor and made puddles. When the third pint was down, he turned for the first time to the room and surveyed, with a practised and calculating eye, the astonished farmers. A look of unutterable sadness came slowly over his face. Twice he struggled to find speech and failed, emitting only sounds, some high, some low: but at the third attempt he met with success.

"My friends," he said, quietly, "I have been the witness this afternoon of a most tragic spectacle: a spectacle I never thought to see in this land of ours. Whole families have been torn apart, separated from their loved ones, whom they can never expect to see again. Helpless beings have been kicked, pushed, prodded and bundled into carts, like so much insentient matter. Their appeals for consideration have met with a brutal disregard; their needs, their interests have been passed over and their point of view, ignored."

He stopped, apparently overcome, while the farmers stared at him with open mouths.

"And why does this happen to them?" he presently resumed. "Why? Why? Because they are pigs. But, my friends, that is no fault of theirs. They did not ask to be born as such. They have had no part in the matter at all. You will tell me that it is necessary: I shall question that. You will say that if you did not treat them so, someone else would. Yes, we know that story. Neither the law of religion, nor yet a mere political expediency demands that pigs be treated as they are. One thing, and one thing only, is the cause of their sorrow and despair: the fact that they cannot speak.

"In all else, Pig is the equal of Man," he went on, with a shade of assertiveness in his manner, "nay, in some respects, he is the superior. Man is avid, capricious, fanciful. Pig is content with little, or at least, his wants are few. Man is restless, wayward, moody. Pig only asks to spend his life in contemplation. Man is cruel and bloodthirsty: Pig, kind and amenable. Man frets and questions: Pig is at one with the world. But because Pig lacks the gift of the gab, because he cannot make speeches nor tell a good story, he is oppressed and martyred, sliced into rashers and minced for sausages."

Here he broke off, apparently losing the thread of his argument, and ordered another pint which he drank as before, with the same little gurgles and grumbles of pleasure; and when he had finished, he stayed for a moment or two with his eyes shut, his chin dripping and a faint grin hovering about his mouth. Then, all at once, he gave a little start and took up the discussion again.

"In this so-called Christian country" he proceded, "I have seen such things as would freeze the blood of an ogre. Never to my dying day, for example, shall I forget an experience that befell me one Christmas Eve. Snow had fallen and lay sparkling under the light of the lamps. The shops were all full of good things, and gaily decorated. Little children ran here and there, their eyes large and bright with innocent wonder. Church bells rang out their joyful, yet solemn message and, near to where I stood, a party of carol singers sang that beautiful hymn: Quiet Night, Holy Night. I lingered, savouring the peace and beauty of the scene: when, to my nameless horror, looking into a shop window a few paces away, I beheld, on a marble slab, a pink paper ruffle about its gory neck, the huge pallid, grinning head of a murdered boar: and someone, as if in derision, had placed in its mouth an orange."

The little fellow stopped and gazed wildly round the room, his eyes twinkling with unshed tears.

"O ghastly mockery!" he suddenly screeched, as if the blade were at his throat. "O damnable hypocrisy! O whited sepulchres!"

And then at last the farmers responded to his distress. At bottom they were good men and true, although busy and preoccupied and without a great deal of imagination. In the beginning they had taken against the little man because of his championing of the pigs: they had set him down as an agitator. But deep in their hearts they knew that he spoke the truth; and, as he stood there before them, trembling and screeching and almost beside himself, the scales fell from their eyes and the stone within them was melted. Now they all pressed forward to comfort and reassure, fondling him in their decent, awkward way and muttering words of encouragement. "There, there, don't take on," said one, and another: "You're among friends now." A third called for a pint of stout, and a fourth, rubbing with rough kindness the knob of his stick up and down the little chap's spine, said: 'No one shall harm you here, that they shan't."

The stranger looked from one to the other, as if he could hardly believe his ears.

"I beg your pardon," he said, frostily.

"We're not bad fellows," said Farmer Grace, "but we have our living to get. So we don't always think. Apart from which, we had no idea. Things go on so ordinary here: we get in a proper rut."

"Ay, we never had it put to us before, like," chimed in Farmer Gomm.

"But all's well that ends well," said Farmer Rogers, heartily. "We're pleased and proud to know you. So drink up that drop of stout, now do: you're as safe and welcome here as between the four walls of your own . . ."

He got no further, for the little man broke in, a-quiver with indignation.

"I think there must be some extraordinary mistake," he cried. 'You appear to confuse me with somebody else. Hands off me, sir: and you, sir, do you put away that stick. My name is Bonham, Philip Isherwood Gathorne Bonham, and I am a lecturer in metaphysics for the British Council: a friend, and at present the guest, of Lord Schinken. Lord Schinken shall learn of this. I come in here and touch on a matter of general interest: I advance an original point of view—if I may say so, in a most vivid and arresting fashion —and what follows? I am assailed from all sides by a bunch of yokels. I have never been so insulted in my life before."

And, grumbling and squealing with rage, he trotted away at high speed in the direction of Schinken Abbey, leaving the farmers to gape at each other across their beer in ever deepening bewilderment.

HONOR TRACY

GUIDED MISSILES EXPERIMENTAL RANGE

Soft sounds and odours brim up through the night
A wealth below the level of the eye;
Out of a black, an almost violet sky
Abundance flowers into points of light.

Till from the south-west, as their low scream mars
And halts this warm hypnosis of the dark,
Three black automata cut swift and stark
Shaped clearly by the backward flow of stars.

Stronger than lives, by empty purpose blinded,
The only thought their circuits can endure is
The target-hunting rigour of their flight;

And by that loveless haste I am reminded
Of Aeschylus' description of the Furies:
"*O barren daughters of the fruitful night.*"

ROBERT CONQUEST

The Arts and Entertainment

PIERROT LUNAIRE

THREE broadcast performances of *Pierrot Lunaire* within a week! If we had heard such an event prophesied before the War, should we not have regarded the speaker himself as slightly moonstruck? Thirty-seven years after its composition, Schönberg's *quasi parlato* song-cycle is still a curiosity; and I have the feeling that it would remain so, even if the B.B.C. were to give it once a week indefinitely. Never should we learn to know this music, as we know a Haydn quartet; never find ourselves haunted by its themes. And yet, from time to time (as Mephistopheles said of his trips to Heaven), we may find it pleasant, even fascinating, to renew a nodding acquaintance with *Pierrot Lunaire*.

How to explain the nature of this fascination, when to so many people the work is merely perverse and incomprehensible? I can only suggest it by means of a parallel: it is like going to the aquarium. These twenty-one miniatures (they average less than two minutes each) are like a series of glass cases, against each of which in turn we flatten our noses in amazement, while the mysterious creature within darts about, doubles on his tracks, performs his sequence of apparently meaningless but graceful movements. If you are an ichthyologist, you may guess what the fish is up to; and if

you belong to the inner Schönbergian circle, you can learnedly expound the composer's intentions. Anyone who takes the trouble can discover for himself, in the score, all sorts of complex technical devices—inversions, canons, and so on; but these belong really to the eye; they are not, to ordinary mortals, audible as such; perhaps not even meant to be so. Therefore we are back in the aquarium; we goggle at the precise and delicate instrumental combinations, and at the uncanny sound of the *récitante*, forever just touching a note only to slide instantly away from it as though on a tea-tray, and prolonging certain syllables in a style that irresistibly recalls a kind-hearted governess giving "dictation." The veteran artist, Mme Marya Freund, held the balance between speech and song with great skill and maintained a high degree of rhythmical exactitude; the Italian instrumentalists were ideal partners. Did it matter that Mme Freund allowed herself, now and then, to depress the pitch by anything up to a fifth below that indicated? Probably not, for she always preserved the *relative* pitch; and it was noticeable that Erika Stiedry-Wagner, in a set of gramophone records made in America under the composer's supervision, which was also broadcast, did very much the same.

The pieces in which the listener finds least difficulty in perceiving a pattern are those in which one of the instruments plays an obbligato to the voice; and it is these songs which are the most evocative. No. 7, "Der kranke Mond," is a delicate duet for voice and flute alone; and in No. 19, "Serenade," the "grotesque Giant-bows" of the cello bind the whole piece into something apprehensible and even picturesque. Schönberg's attitude towards his moonstruck Homunculus seems curiously detached, as though he were the clinical analyst of a neurosis. But here and there, especially towards the end, the composer's feelings become engaged; and then, as almost always with the Central European school, the result is deeply romantic and nostalgic. If *Pierrot Lunaire* is technically "the music of the future," its heart lies in the nineteenth century. In the last works of his most gifted pupil, Alban Berg, we find a similar emotional attitude expressed with a greater warmth of personality and a greater richness of musical invention; above all in the deeply moving Violin Concerto, of which André Gertler and the B.B.C. orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult lately collaborated in a fine performance. This is music which deserves, some day soon, to be no longer a curiosity, but a regular part of our concert life.

* * *

One of the most striking personalities at this year's Bryanston School of Music was M. Georges Enesco: a great musician who has not come through the recent war unscathed. London has lately heard M. Enesco in three of his capacities. At the Kingsway Hall he conducted the Boyd Neel players in a finely chosen programme which included his own juvenile String Octet—a work which charms, but outstays its welcome. At the Wigmore Hall he was joined by Kathleen Long in a sonata recital, in which he displayed once again his beautiful, silky violin tone (marred only by occasional false intonation), and a most distinguished style, above all in the first movement of Bach's unaccompanied Sonata in C Major.

At Covent Garden there is a new Boris Godunov in the young Bulgarian bass, Boris Cristoff, a promising artist. His style is closely modelled on that of Chaliapin; and he was allowed to use the Russian text. In the Coronation Scene he made, both vocally and dramatically, a truly imposing effect; elsewhere, his voice sounded less rich and powerful than the gramophone had led us to suppose: I suspect that he did himself less than justice on the first night. The production has shed some of its eccentricities, but retained others. It is courageous of Marina and her maidens to sit out of doors in a wintry Polish landscape, languidly fanning themselves in décolleté ball-dresses.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

BUNDLES OF NERVES

A WHOLE generation has grown up which has not had the chance of seeing *The Seagull* in a first-class production in London, and doubtless they have been flocking to see it at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Those who have missed it there now have the chance of catching up with it at the St. James's, where it will play for a short season. This is a first-class production in the sense that the Company of Four, to whom Londoners owe many pleasures, have drawn on the best talents available to make it a success. But the theatre is a chancy affair, and in spite of their efforts the production doesn't come off as a whole, though there are many excellencies in its parts. All the same, it is very well worth a visit, especially for those who have not seen it better done and so may not realise how much they are missing here. For the play itself, so lyric, so fresh, so touching, will carry them along, and the acting is far from being bad; it is just insufficiently full, not subtle enough, too narrow in its range, too English both in its reserve and in its failure to distinguish between "types" and "characters."

It is tempting to use one of the minor roles, as a stick to beat some of the major ones with. Miss Hazel Terry might have been waiting through a succession of small parts, in which she has never quite hit the mark, for the role of Masha to come her way. Masha, desperately in love with the young son of the famous actress, dramatises herself almost to the point of caricature in her oddities. But her twisted mouth, her sudden breaks into mannishness, with her snuff-box and her "Fiddlesticks!" and her wry self-torture, would remain a caricaturist's properties, if the actress didn't, as Miss Terry does, seize every chance for bringing out the anguish of the real person behind them. Almost none of Chehov's characters are stock parts; and it badly diminishes him to play his men and women along one line, as if they were English comedy types. It is the humanity, often hidden behind the protective colouring of peculiarities and eccentricities, that the actor or actress must go all out for. In another minor role here, Mr. Philip Stainton does exactly this with the old brother of the actress, Peter Nikolayevitch, perfectly presented in all his roundness as a whole human being.

But supremely important though the minor roles are in Chehov, they cannot make up for defections elsewhere. The first stumbling block in this production comes with Mr. Paul Scofield's conception of the actress's young son, Constantin, a young would-be writer, it will be remembered, whose first play is to be performed this night before the household on a stage erected in the garden. (The setting for this, like the other sets, is one of Mr. Paul Sherrif's failures. Hideous and quite unsuggestive.) What state of mind would we expect then from a young man whose first play was to be performed before his actress mother in ten minutes? The height of nerves, agitation and restlessness surely. But Mr. Scofield is about as unhurried and unflurried as a young English boy going out to bat in a school match. Of course he means to suggest the nerves and the agitation by a show of forced calm. But in the first place his acting does not sufficiently suggest that the calm is forced, so that we don't get the feeling of the nerves and agitation underneath. And in the second place a forced calm is simply wrong here, as the producer should have insisted. Constantin is not a young Englishman dealing in emotional under-statements. Reserved young Englishmen don't shoot seagulls as symbols, for one thing; nor do they go on from that to shoot themselves—twice. Constantin is a violently emotional young man in a violently over-emotional set of situations. These have to be *acted*; they cannot be got round; they crop up all the time from moment to moment, now with his play, now with his mother, now with Nina. The action here is launched on a perpetually choppy sea—up and down, up and down, and Constantin is one of the main agents of agitation. To play him flat is to create areas of calm just where there ought to be areas of storm. Notice how tame this flatness makes the fiasco of his play; and this is not just a case of a low-toned start which is meant to build up through the play. Mr. Scofield mutes his part deliberately from start to finish.

Miss Isabel Jeans, as Madame Arcadina, makes just the mistake which Miss Terry, in her much smaller part of Masha, so skilfully avoids. Miss Jeans brings all the resources of a highly-developed comic gift to the affectations and poses of the vain actress. This produces, as indeed it should do, some brilliantly funny scenes. But she doesn't go on far enough into the character. She hardly ever alludes to the woman behind the affectations. And this is a great loss. The alternations between pose and genuineness are *her* contribution to the choppiness of the emotional sea. The chances are there all the time for her to take, to flash from one to the other—up and down, up and down, a contrary motion, so to speak, to her son's. For instance, in this first act after her thoughtless spoiling of her son's play, she has a moment of real remorse; it is brought on by her nostalgia as she hears the peasants singing across the lake and she draws Tregorin towards her to listen to it. This is a little scene of genuine feeling and should not be played in the same key of artificial affectation as that in which she deplores the *longueurs* of country life. To play Madame Arcadina more or less along the one line of artificiality is to reduce her to a quite different sort of comedy figure—something out of *Hay Fever*, almost.

The Nina here is Miss Mai Zetterling whom many will remember making a touching little hit last year in *The Wild Duck*. No doubt it was the memory of this performance which first gave the Company of Four the idea for the present production. And it is a piece of bad luck, I think, that the idea did not turn out as well as it might have done. Miss Zetterling is a most moving actress and her quality goes straight to the heart in all the scenes where little is demanded of her in the way of speaking and she can rely on mime. But the plain fact is that her command of English is nothing like good enough to carry through so long a part. The foreign intonations, with the emphasis high and loud on the second beat of each phrase and tailing away from there into inaudibility, grows monotonous and trying: and it is finally quite fatal in the long duologue where she reappears in the last act. This scene, perhaps rather out of proportion at the best of times, usually "carries" by its own inner development. We usually fall into seeing it through the boy's eyes: we allow ourselves to think and hope, as he does, that she is coming back to *him*; and then gradually it is revealed to us that it is still Tregorin she is utterly in love with. This scene, properly played, should be heart-rending; but with Miss Zetterling's monotonous enunciation and Mr. Scofield's reserved blankness the whole effect is sadly muzzed.

Miss Zetterling's pronunciation matters much less in the first three acts. There she can to a certain extent rely on her appealing personality, her so convincing air of childishness and innocence. These make a delight of that scene in the second act where she persists in romanticising the novelist Tregorin in the face of all his efforts to disenchant her. But then she had the great advantage of playing this scene with Mr. Ian Hunter, whose whole performance is now rich in subtlety and variety. I say "now," because two months ago at the Lyric he seemed to me to be noticeably stiff and unhappy in the part. And I strongly recommend those interested in acting if they happen to have seen one of the first few performances to go again now; for Mr. Hunter will provide them, as he has provided me, with an object lesson in technique. It is quite astonishing to see how the part has been transformed, how, while it was then lifeless and flat, it is now alive in every syllable, and vitalised with a thousand variations of pace and timing; and it is close packed, too, with a complete understanding of the life behind the character. It might be a criticism, I fancy, that he makes Tregorin too charming, but it is a performance of great authority. I shall long remember the way he spoke one particular line.

It comes at the end of the passage where Madame Arcadina has discovered his passion for Nina. He has given himself away by begging her to stay in the country a little longer. She has refused, and then flinging herself at his knees (Miss Jeans was very good here too) has begged him not to give her up for this girl. He is not strong enough to resist her; and she, turning away in her triumph, knowing herself now safe for ever, throws him a present: "Well, stay if you like. I'll go to-day and you follow a week later." And to that he gives his answer unforgettably. In itself it is the simplest of lines, "No, we'll go together," but Mr. Hunter managed to pack into the way he spoke it, and the way he got to his feet as he spoke it, the whole ten years of his past relationship with this woman, the humiliations and the sacrifices it has exacted, and more even than that, he contrived to indicate how utterly he was bound to them for the future as well. That was a triumph of art.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

SOUNDS and sweet airs delighted Caliban, but voices made him sleep again. Do we not a little suffer from the dogma that, while one voice is soporific, a babble of voices is enlivening; that nearly every theme is improved if broken down into chatter? Christopher Sykes holds interesting views on the character of Manning, a complex subject without appeal to the simple-minded. Why, then, in a *New Judgment* upon the Cardinal, should he employ methods appropriate to the writing up of D day? Manning's voice reading a scrap of a letter by Manning; Pio Nono saying what Pio Nono perhaps said; a whiff of organ music and a waft of chanting; two ladies tattling over the problems of the hierarchy; all this, surely, is neither adequately informative nor passably artistic, but rather a sort of play-way to knowledge for the middle forms of schools. Moreover, it overtasks both producer and players. Each of a dozen or more actors has to convey a whole personality through the medium of a few sentences tossed disjointedly into the machine; each is therefore virtually compelled to farce every syllable with a maximum of histrionic expression; and the effect is of listening to Manning, Gladstone, Acton and the rest improbably engaged in private theatricals. Lytton Strachey, who in the person of Robert Farquharson, kept popping in to read bits of Lytton Strachey, was certainly a triumph of conjectural mimicry. But the toes curled, all the same.

Nor is the method always successful at popular levels. In the Light Programme's *Focus on Tourism* sundry exhausted American and Continental visitors were corralled for questioning on the quay. The feature being decidedly economic in its motivation, the interrogatories were, in effect, about our food and our privies, and thus aired anxieties more proper to an inn-keeper on his doorstep than to the representatives of a proud and ancient nation bidding farewell to cousins and guests. But this tongue-tied little documentary was also needlessly depressing. The gentleman who had proposed to give (I think) five days to England but cut this down to three upon rumour of the "conditions" would almost certainly improve upon acquaintance.

From these voices I tuned in directly to a single voice, also that of a tourist. Why does the city of Rome haunt the human imagination as it does? Because (said Freud in effect) it is the perfect symbol of the structure of the human mind: era superincumbent upon era, with odd contiguities where the strata fault. Day Lewis on coming to the eternal city thought not of geology but of horticulture; *compost*, he told us in his beautiful low-keyed verse, was the word around which his perceptions had ordered themselves; and while his elaboration of the image held the air it was possible to feel that one had never heard a better. The last two parts of *An Italian Visit* afford just the sort of pleasure admitted by Dr. Johnson in Gray's *Elegy*: "Images which find a mirror in every mind . . . he that reads them here persuades himself that he has always felt them." Henry James, skimming the cream of Rome, rubbing his fur on it; the Campo in Siena as the very scallop shell upon which Venus poised herself: these have the air of little discoveries which, if at the top of one's form, one might have made oneself. And this species of delight, afforded by the skilful expression and fine adornment of widely-spread civilised responses to a great subject, is itself, appropriately, the gift of Rome. The verse which Day Lewis read so well is perfectly contemporary, but it has its roots in Lucilius and Horace.

MICHAEL INNES

THE MOVIES

"The Forsyte Saga," Royal Command Performance

"Les Amants de Verone," at the Cameo-Polytechnic

Although not designed to burst on the public till Boxing Day, *The Forsyte Saga* has already enjoyed its gala performance and its press show. Two very different occasions, the effects of which will presumably offset one another. All charitableness and dazzle and bouquets there; here the unpaid-for seat and the uncalled-for comment. It is really quite artful, this gap of six weeks between viewing and showing, because the damns are likely to be prompt and forgotten, while the blessings will descend at the seasonable moment, or even, with luck, be repeated.

"Big-hearted" is always the adjective wheeled out when some Hollywood mogul has been more than usually calculating; and Hollywood is never bigger-hearted than when it decides, with all its extravagance of star-shine and Technicolor, to out-Albion Albion. *The Forsyte Saga* is the most English bit of whale-steak they've given us since *Mrs. Miniver*. By no coincidence, two of its stars, Mr. Walter Pidgeon and Miss Greer Garson, are the same. If they could get away with *their* Dunkirk and *their* blitz, while the bombs were flying, the Forsyte family (which hardly survived the first war) would be mere child's play!

To make doubly certain, these screen Forsytes are kept well in the London Eighties to which they belong; a time (as we all know) when American speech and manners had taken on with the younger set, just as French was the polite tongue of St. Petersburg. And where could one have found a more convincing Soames than in Mr. Errol Flynn? He is Belgravia itself and Throgmorton Street to the waistcoat-tips. And how he can act! His vacuous disagreeableness in this part makes one insist that he shall turn next to Sherlock Holmes, Mr. Polly, Richard Feverel, Archdeacon Grantly, and Adam Bede, roles to which he is equally well suited.

Only the younger or more conspicuous Forsytes, it will be noted, have caught the new American fashion: old Jolyon and young Bosinney, for example. The background is full of hopping and hopelessly unfashionable Britons, most of whom seem to have modelled themselves on the Incongruous Old Persons of Edward Lear. They gather periodically in a huge drawing-room to blow their whiskers, pop their eyes and flap their tails, and any newcomer makes them buzz and cluster together like swarming bees; they have bad chorus habits, too, and their womenfolk, always clamped three on a settee, are indescribably worse. If it weren't for the Technicolor and the speech, we might mistake these scenes for the caricature of bourgeois society so dear to Russian directors. Only Miss Garson, by sheer virtuosity and charm, manages to ride the absurdity of the whole thing.

Les Amants de Verone has the new look—already beginning to be rather old—of legends met walking and classics given a twist; the original being here *Romeo and Juliet*. Its charm, which derives from Pirandello rather than Cocteau, lies in the discovery of two spell-bound young lovers, who stand-in for the principals in a filming of Shakespeare's play. They gaze at one another silently on the spot-lit balcony, and go on gazing long after the lights have been switched off; they adore, they dream-walk, they make love, and die; they *are* Romeo and Juliet, as their cynical, ram-shackle elders, busy film-making and bed-rumpling, are not. All this part of the film is sheer enchantment, with a pair of lovers, and especially the beautiful fifteen-year-old Anouk, whom Shakespeare's words do not flatter. And I can see that Montague and Capulet would naturally give entry to a modern gang life, in which ex-Fascists would sit drinking in a Venetian palace and bowler-hatted thugs haunt the quays. But these degenerates and gangsters should have been made real, not theatrical to the point of boredom: otherwise where does the equivocation of poetry and life come in? Only one "reality" remains to be exploited, that of death, and this is horrifyingly accomplished by Juliet cutting her wrists. *Les Amants de Verone* (directed by André Cayatte, and in part scripted by Jacques Prévert) makes the most of its lines from Shakespeare, its scenes in Venice and Verona, and achieves a half-triumph with its wonderful theme.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Lady Audley's Secret," at the Princes Theatre

Distinctly, *not* caviare to the general. Say rather, jellied eels for the sophisticated with an appetite whetted by the Players' Theatre Club. Transplanted to the West End from the Bedford in Camden Town, this uproarious burlesque of Miss Braddon is presented with disarming gusto: Pat Nye plays Lady Audley with the unction which Marie Lloyd would have displayed in the role of Lady Macbeth. But the production (by Judith Furse) raises a question. Is the funniness of a period piece enhanced by turning it into deliberate foolery? A "rag" is a "rag"; and, if you like being told where to laugh, then this rough-and-tumble—complete with tragic "ham," ye olde fashioned song and a "can-can" interlude—is beyond doubt your cup of tea. But if you would prefer to be allowed to detect for yourself the subtly humorous in the morals and sentiments of pre-Forsyte Victorianism "played straight," then you may find two hours of this skit ninety minutes too long. It is only fair to add that an agreeably uninhibited audience, last week, did not share this opinion.

ELBA

The Romans came here for marble, an island
Guarded like a vault whose bald and serrated skyline
Closed in on quarries, fastened on ore.
But these rusted, unsightly rocks, slated
In patches, grey, orange, held in their doors
The imperial treasures of power—Portus
Argous, Longone, hills hidden with ilex
And tamarisk propping up the blue.
But only iron mattered; only iron was true.

Later, an Emperor's resort, a temporary
Springboard for ambition; the remains are kept
For the curious, a mahogany desk, chairs
Covered with plush, a simple bed like a boat;
But power still lurks, a ghost, whose movement
Of heavy curtains can take you unawares.
From Napoleon's house, mauve hills rise in a throat
Of chestnut, and below, sweetly
And gently, fields flow in a scythe to glittering sea.

An island for decisions; for here, too,
We decided, by an Emperor's residence, the dust
Undisturbed; around us only a solitary
Magnolia, unflowering, the season too early
Or too hot for blossom, almost for lust.
The sun like a clock struck arbitrary
Divisions on our days; the surly
Appetites of desire were assuaged in heat
Or in sea—that found us here, like love, not too early.

ALAN ROSS

Correspondence

WHITE SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—When will my countrymen acquire sufficient discretion not to defend their policies outside South Africa? If only they would leave it to the extremists everyone would disbelieve them on the grounds that things could not possibly be so bad. It is when the Mr. Oulds (who, after all, are not so different from the Mr. Clarks) rise in their own defence that they really stand condemned. For it has all been said before, so often "... White ascendancy, which we regard as the indispensable condition for the performance of the White man's function as guardian and propagator of the values embodied in Western civilisation ..." It's as stale as "Some of my best friends are Jews."

We break down tribal tradition, force the natives into the towns, leave them to rot in *pondokkies*, educate a few of them to Standard Two, leave them ill-housed and ill-fed, with no facilities for entertainment, then piously remark that they cannot have the vote because they are not civilised.

The policy of the Nationalist Government is a logical continuation of the policy laid down by Hertzog in 1936, in a Government in which many of the United Party leaders held Cabinet posts. The laws which are now being enforced with such disregard of Western values have been in the statute book for years, but only now are men like Mr. Ould (and there are many) waking up from their own complacency to find that the tradition they have been cherishing is not that of the humanists who brought European culture to its highest peak, but the other branch—the branch that makes Asiatics and Africans sometimes wonder about European culture—that of Hitler Germany.

Let us be quite frank about our White South African values. So far, we have not produced any Shakespeares or Michael Angelos (perhaps just as well, for the Olive Schreiners and Roy Campbells have tended to offend our White susceptibilities). But we have produced some first-rate values in gold mines and farms, which could not get on for a day without cheap Native labour. Nor would our washing or cooking get done, nor our houses swept nor our children looked after. Things would be simply terrible. Quite uncivilised.

But it is a good sign that Mr. Ould is feeling uncomfortable. It is a sign that the old prejudices are breaking down. But will they break down in time? Premier Malan and his followers are desperately pulling against the tide of history; the only important question is, can we get rid of them before they wreck the ship?

THELMA GELDENHUYS

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Charles Ould on White South Africa in your issue of November 5 is very misleading. Mr. Ould conceals the wolf of racial oppression beneath the sheepskin of two mildly worded principles—the "right" to racial individuality, and the need for White ascendancy. This is not the place to discuss the meaning and full implications of those abstract terms, but their significance in practice can be simply tested by observing the policies which they are used to justify.

The preservation of racial individuality is used to justify laws and practices that debar Native South Africans, however well educated or obviously civilised, from sharing the benefits of Western civilisation with White South Africans. Shakespeare and Beethoven wrote for all mankind, not English and Germans alone; yet non-Europeans may not attend theatres or concerts in South Africa. The ordinary public libraries are barred to them. The present Government would like to prevent non-Europeans from attending the Universities of Cape Town and the Witwatersrand, where they are now able to study on terms of equality with White students.

The preservation of White ascendancy is used to justify laws and customs that prevent Natives from doing skilled work, from buying land in town or country, and from having real political rights and equal legal status in their own country. The chairman of the commission to inquire into industrial legislation, which is now sitting, last week expressed strong opposition to legal recognition of Native trade unions; he held that this would be "political recognition," and "if you grant Natives political recognition," he said, "it seems to me our very existence as Europeans is at stake." This seems to combine both Mr. Ould's principles, and to show clearly how they work in practice.

There are an increasing number of White South Africans, especially young people, who observe these practical results of such principles, and who oppose them with vigour. But men like Mr. Ould confuse the actual political issues by relying on theories of culture and civilisation that are at least highly debatable.

Liberals in South Africa are fighting against reaction and for a programme of constructive economic reform outlined in detail in the series of eleven Reports published by the Social and Economic Planning Council that General Smuts set up during the war. In such a programme, and the social reforms that must, and the political reforms that should accompany it, lies the only hope of saving the standards of Western civilisation in South Africa from the disaster that threatens. Men like Mr. Ould bring the disaster nearer when they continue to salve their consciences by airy theories and escapism of the "pie in the sky for the Africans when they die" type. Such things deceive no one at home; there may be a danger of their innocent acceptance abroad by those without experience of Africa.

Johannesburg. ELEANOR HAWARDEN

SIR,—Professor Hogben's plea that "our plain duty is to declare South Africa a pariah nation unworthy to be associated with the British Commonwealth" deserves support not only on broad humanitarian grounds, but also because some such action on the part of the British Government is—it becomes increasingly evident—vital for the future of our colonial policy in Africa. That policy stands or falls by our success in eliminating the suspicions, and winning the co-operation, of the mass of Africans; and we shall never do this so long as we are associated with the Union of South Africa and its Native policy.

It is, indeed, to be hoped that Dr. Malan will soon make his expected demand for South African control of the three High Commissioner's territories, and so give the British Government the opportunity to make a clear and decisive break.

16 Endersleigh Gardens, Hendon, N.W.4. J. F. HORRABIN

SIR,—White South Africa has been getting a well-deserved press lately. I am a South African by birth and could not agree more with many of the comments on South African "Herrenvolkism." I would, however, like to draw attention to the other danger spot in Africa, viz., White Rhodesia.

Mr. Hugh Beadle, the Rhodesian Minister of Justice, is due in London and will, according to press reports, urge a Central African Federation and also stake a claim for Bechuanaland Protectorate. In explaining these important requests, one can only hope that Mr. Beadle will be called upon to classify S. Rhodesia's Native policy.

He will have to explain, for instance, how men can be expected to live on a minimum wage of 35s. per month in towns, with a cost-of-living many times that prevailing in Britain. He will also have to explain why domestic, agricultural and mining workers were excluded from even this wage award. Is it because they are "not ready" for a minimum wage? It means that thousands will die of malnutrition, and Mr. Beadle will find that English people are not satisfied with the answer that it doesn't matter because these people are Black.

Mr. Beadle will explain the educational system which provides universal free education for Europeans and liberally provides scholarships for attendance at the genteel White colleges in the South. He will also explain that this educational system leaves most Native education to the missionaries, and that there is no provision at all for Natives to reach Matriculation standard. He will speak, we hope, of the differential manner in which these two types of education are financed.

In a country where working-people are respected

Nuts and May

It is anybody's guess as to what will be the main issue of the General Election and when it will be. The man who tipped "Nuts and May" is pretty certainly wrong about the subject but could be as right as any other guess about the date.

What is certain is that politics will run high in the first half of 1950. Every voter should be armed with all the facts and serious opinions he can muster.

Never, therefore, has there been a more opportune moment than now for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to invite you to help in finding new readers by giving six monthly subscriptions, on very special terms, to your friends as Christmas Presents.

Our experience of many pre-war years has been that new readers introduced by present readers are our best bid for a permanent increase in our circulation. Therefore we will go a long way to encourage you to give as many Six Monthly subscriptions as you can to friends not already reading this journal.

The usual charge for a six monthly postal subscription is 16s. 3d. but under this Christmas Gift offer we are willing to make the nominal charge of only 5s. for an "acquaintance" subscription for six months. This includes postage to any address in the world and you may send as many as you like—the more the better—always with this one proviso, that *so far as you know the recipient is not already buying the paper.*

We will start Gift Subscriptions on December 24th and notify each recipient of the name of the giver, unless instructed otherwise.

Last year we sold an average of 84,000 copies a week. We want to reach the 100,000 mark as soon as possible. Will you help us now as you have done before, and please include as many overseas friends as you can.

North American readers may send One Dollar for each name and address direct to our New York Agent, British Publications Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York 16.

To the Publishers, NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

I agree to the terms of your Christmas Offer and enclose £.....s.....d for.....Six Monthly Gift Subscriptions at FIVE SHILLINGS each.

DONOR'S NAME & ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

Gift Subscriptions to be addressed to :—

1.....

.....

2.....

.....

3.....

.....

4.....

.....

5.....

.....

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

If you do not wish to cut your paper, please send note agreeing to the conditions of the offer.

as the ultimate rulers in a democratic government, Mr. Beadle will, no doubt, be called upon to explain how he and his Cabinet colleagues used armoured cars and troops to intimidate the undernourished strikers at Bulawayo.

But if Mr. Beadle still manages to win approval for his Government from the Colonial Office on the ground that there is, at least, justice among White men, let him further explain how such immigrants as were likely to expose the situation have been deported without reason. The arbitrary use of his delegated power brings no more qualms of conscience to Mr. Beadle than it does to Dr. Dongès.

Racism looks as ugly under Huggins as it did under Hitler. In fact it looks far worse, since the Southern Rhodesian Government is at least nominally responsible to Whitehall. There is no answer to Russia's attack on Britain for disregard of human rights. There is a skeleton in the Empire cupboard.

164a, High Street, JOHN REX
Marshe-by-the-sea, Redcar.

THE T.U.C. HORSE

SIR,—I don't want to spoil anyone's fun, but I cannot permit your influential paper to say (in your issue dated November 12, 1949) that my "persuasive pencil" teaches people that the General Council of the T.U.C. is "a lumbering carthorse more interested in field daisies than in practical realities." The truth is:

(a) The Horse in my cartoons is plainly marked "T.U.C.," *not* "General Council," a very different significance.

(b) My Horse does not lumber. He is a sturdy, strong, kindly creature, which, except for intervals of introspective reflection, is given to remarkable feats of activity. In my cartoons he has climbed mountains marked "Recovery," jumped high fences marked "Production," pulled huge loads marked "Exports," and swum the Channel of "European Unity." I have even drawn him winning the Grand National two lengths ahead of his jockey.

(c) My Horse is not interested in field daisies. His weakness is chasing butterflies. It is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon the psychological implications involved here, for they will be evident to all readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

As one whose works depend largely for their effect upon a happy association of ideas in the mind of the co-operating reader, may I take this opportunity to deplore the carelessness with which people in general "pick up" symbolism, parable and allegory nowadays? DAVID LOW

3 Rodborough Road,
N.W.11.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—I have a great admiration for Mr. A S. Neill and his writings; all teachers undoubtedly owe much to his work, even when they are so placed that they could not—if they would—apply his methods.

I should, however, like to ask him a question.

Teachers have to control about 40 children at a time, from diverse homes, living and being taught in conditions where they cannot, even for a short curative period, be allowed to wreak whatever damage they wish. A teacher of quite exceptional personality might be able to dispense entirely with corporal punishment in these circumstances, but I have not yet met him. The profession is, in fact, staffed by ordinary men and women with the usual human virtues and vices mixed in the usual proportions. What, then, does Mr Neill suggest as an immediate policy? The abandonment of the entire educational system? If so, by what would he replace it? I ask him to be realistic about this.

I do not know the facts of the Scandinavian situation, but if they have managed (really) to abolish corporal (and other) punishment, their experience should certainly receive wide publicity. It must, however, be remembered that all punishment—corporal or otherwise—can be inflicted with hate or with compassion, and that to many children corporal punishment is not the worst kind of sanction.

63 Bouverie Street, R. W FAINT
Chester.

SIR,—I, a sixth form member of a public school, where recourse is often had to beating brains through our bottoms, strongly support Mr. A. S. Neill in his attack on corporal punishment. It is noticeable that those who have most recourse to the cane are either masters who, by lack of personality or strength of mind, cannot control a class; or prefects who have not yet achieved a sense of proportion or justice.

It is also noticeable that both the masters and prefects who have most recourse to the stick are those least respected by the boys; seniors, especially, despise them for their weakness and lack of control. I have yet to see a boy who has been improved, or "beaten into shape," by the cane. If one starts on him young, he merely becomes hardened and indifferent, and continues on his evil ways! If one commences treatment later in the boy's life, the mental consequences may be more dangerous.

It seems to me a sign of terrible failure when a person has to have recourse to methods of violence, pain and terror; methods of educating a person's mind, which resemble those used for breaking the spirit of undesirable persons, or races. I withhold my name from publication for obvious reasons.

D. M. R.

A POUND'S WORK

SIR,—Having myself, for some time, written a weekly Parliamentary column, I know that the journalist reporting debates in which he has participated has an advantage which becomes unfair if he does not exercise considerable powers of self-criticism.

Your Mr. Edelman reports me as embroidering the theme "that miners, among others, should do a pound's worth of work for a pound." I suppose no one would deny that they should, not "among others," but like everyone else. But if you will read *Hansard*, you will see that that was not my point, expressed or implied. My point was that Socialist, like all other, Ministers should believe and declare that all men, in delivering a pound's worth of anything, should not increase or diminish the amount according to their like or dislike of the Ministerial party.

House of Commons, KENNETH PICKTHORN
London, S.W.1.

"Y.Y."

SIR,—I have just read Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's tribute to "Y.Y." He says it needs a poet to say adequately all that should be said about "Y.Y." He has said it with the soul of a poet. As one who has been a subscriber to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION since 1917, and a most ardent admirer of "Y.Y.," I would like to say how his articles felt like balm on an often very tired and worried soul; they were always just what one required, and what writing! I have missed him since he stopped contributing to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and now he is no more. Not being merely a politician, he will live on through his writings; the artists live on for ever, so it will also be with Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. I can never thank him enough, for his criticisms, they have always been a joy and a very great help to a producer in a far country, who must perforce live almost only by reading. Thank you for the high standard of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION through all these years.

15 Craigievar, ROSE EHELICH
Rondelosch, Cape, S. Africa.

NORTH KENSINGTON

SIR,—Mr. Jameson's explanation of the North Kensington L.C.C. by-election result echoes the pronouncement of Mr. Henry Brooke, the London Tory leader. Mr. Brooke said, you may remember, that the Conservative candidate had been beaten by the "ruthless" Labour Party machine (whatever that may mean), which had concentrated the whole power of the Labour Party in London and for miles around upon North Kensington. The implication was that the more compassionate Tory machine had depended only upon constituency resources.

As evidence in rebuttal, I quote the November News Sheet of the North Kensington Young Conservatives:

> We have, in this Campaign, had help from outside that we could never hope to have in a General Election. People from all over London have lent us a hand, and South Kensington Young Conservatives in particular have come over nearly every night, sometimes 100 strong.
>
> On no day, except polling day, did the Labour Candidate have the help of a hundred outside workers.

The London Labour Party. D. H. DAINES

CHANNEL FARES

SIR,—The fares charged by British Railways have come in for much criticism, but the methods used by the Southern Region for assessing fares to the Continent, especially to destinations via Paris, are scandalous.

Instead of charging the ordinary monthly return fares by the always crowded Continental "Expresses," a special rate is charged approximating to the ordinary single fare in each direction, nearly 50 per cent. above the monthly return level.

To make matters worse, passengers who do not wish to travel by the "hard" (but cheap) Continental third-class coaches find that they must book second-class in this country and first-class on the steamer, at fares very little below first-class throughout. As a result of this, the part of the fare to Channel Ports such as Boulogne or Calais works out at about sevenpence per mile each way from London. Since the French Railways provide no third-class compartments via Calais or Dunkerque to Paris, the unfortunate passenger has very little choice in booking, although he can book third class to the Channel Port only, and expend his precious allowance of foreign currency in paying a second-class supplement. It should be observed that French second-class travel costs about the same as British monthly return rates third class.

Would it not be possible for the Ministry of Transport to step in and compel the Southern Region to cease to regard Continental traffic as a very lucrative racket, albeit inherited from the Southern Railway, and to cease to impose "conditions of sale" in respect of through tickets to France? H. WARSON

32 Gunton Road, E.5

EGYPTIAN CUSTOMS

SIR,—Readers of the recent correspondence in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on this subject will be interested to know that instructions have already been issued to all Egyptian Customs Officials about *Facilities Extended to Tourists and Passengers*. Here is the text:

"(I) *On Arrival in Egypt.*

(a) The following exemptions are granted: Personal effects carried by tourists, whether used or new, are exempted from the payment of Customs duty. Are also exempted all the articles they carry such as: photographic or cinematographic cameras, radio sets, photographs, records, typewriters, binoculars and similar articles which are usually carried by tourists, whether used or new. Are also exempted jewellery and personal ornaments they may carry. The Customs branches should accept the declarations presented by tourists with regard to the aforesaid items. Tourists are however requested to keep copy of these declarations after being stamped by the Customs Authorities until they leave Egypt.

(b) The following items are exempted from Customs duty: foodstuffs, alcoholic beverages, perfumes, medicines and tobacco of all kinds, if tourists declare that these items are for their personal use.

(II) *On Leaving Egypt.*

Tourists are authorised to carry with them all their personal effects and other articles which they brought with them. They can take gifts to an unlimited value of Egyptian manufacture as well as gifts of foreign manufacture if they apparently have no commercial aspects." KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL

64 Bridge Road, East Molesey,
Surrey.

GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS

SIR,—I am at present employed on research in preparation for a biography of George W. M. Reynolds (1814-1879) and will be pleased to hear from any of your readers who may have in their possession relative material; or who may be able to supply information.

32 Crescent Road, E. J. SMYTHE
Edmonton, London, N.9.

Unique

"Newallastic" bolts and studs have qualities which are absolutely unique. They have been tested by every known device, and have been proved to be stronger and more resistant to fatigue than bolts or studs made by the usual method.

POSSILPARK **G. P. Newall & Co., Ltd.** GLASGOW, N

20/- Bottle

A glass of DRY FLY SHERRY is the ideal aperitif, and is a gracious welcome to your guests. Obtainable all over the world from your own Wine Merchant, or from:

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King.
Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

The
EXPORT VALUE
of
BRITISH INSURANCE
is £33,000,000 a year

£33,000,000 a year is a lot of money. And that is what British Insurance brings into this country from overseas.

For two reasons these earnings are specially valuable today.

★ *First, some £20,000,000 of the total comes in the form of badly needed dollars.*

★ *Second, it is all clear gain, calling for no imports of raw materials, making no demands on shipping space.*

£33,000,000 a year is the value of the confidence that other countries have in British Insurance. We simply cannot afford to forfeit their confidence.

SAY NO TO NATIONALISING INSURANCE

Issued by the British Insurance Association

BOOKS IN GENERAL

SKILFULLY manipulated as they have been, these lectures*—the first Sir Kenneth Clark has given as Slade Professor at Oxford—remain lectures; and according to Sir Kenneth "the publication of lectures is a well-known form of literary suicide." All I can say is, the corpse is doing wonderfully well. A good lecture on painting is almost bound to be discursive: unexplored theories and novel comparisons start into the lecturer's mind as he contemplates a slide with which, perhaps, he is illustrating his central theme; and, for a moment, the theme is lost. The new Slade Professor has a central theme, and whether one agrees or disagrees with it is of no great consequence; for the value of a fine critic's comment does not depend on the soundness of his doctrine. What does matter is that Sir Kenneth has at his command four instruments: a turn for historical generalization based on knowledge, the scholar's gift of drawing inferences from apparently disconnected facts and slight indications, expository power and, above all, a love of painting: blest with these, he is the properest man alive to "make our English youth care somewhat for the arts."

Sir Kenneth Clark is the worthy successor of Roger Fry against whose judgments he is often in rebellion: were he not, he would be an unworthy successor. Both possess that rare gift of "making"—to use Virginia Woolf's phrase—"pictures real and art important"; and if presently I underline the differences in their approach that will be because in so doing I hope to give the reader some idea of the doctrine which underlies these lectures. But what I want to say at once is what the author himself has said emphatically—this book makes no claim to be a history of landscape. That is a book which remains to be written, a book which must be designed and built on historical principles and based on a precise definition. It will not be amiss, I think, to propose here and now a definition of pure landscape-painting and see how far it can be justified by the authoritative opinion and sensitive choice of the Slade Professor.

Pure landscape, it seems to me—and I do not think Sir Kenneth would dissent—is the expression of an emotion, felt for landscape as an end in itself, in terms of landscape. As perfect examples Sung paintings immediately spring to the mind. In these, to be sure, figures occur; but they have little or nothing to do with the emotion or the expression. A hermit or a brace of philosophers at the foot of a waterfall are there merely to give scale to the composition. Chinese art, however, is outside the lecturer's terms of reference, and therefore of ours; we must begin with classical antiquity. Of Hellenistic landscape most of what remains is to be seen at Naples: it is not pure but decorative and symbolical. It is designed to delight villa-owners, partly by charming their eyes with apt forms and gay colours, partly by recalling the pleasures of country-life. Similar considerations invalidate the claim which has been made for those enchanting frescos in the Papal palace at Avignon (*circa* 1345)—the claim that they are the first pure European landscapes. Assuredly they express delight in the beauty of trees and flowers, but chiefly they are festive commemorations of country ways and country doings. In fact, they have very much the air of having been made by sportsmen for sportsmen. With the Avignon frescos must stand or fall the scenes from the calendar of the *Très Riches Heures* (*circa* 1400). That the Limbourg brothers loved country-life these miniatures make deliciously clear; but they are as much concerned with describing the labours of the months as with expressing feelings for nature.

Sir Kenneth Clark groups the works of those medieval artists who gave landscape appreciable importance under the heading, "The Landscape of Symbols"—it must be understood that Sir Kenneth's compartments are elastic. To the mind of the earlier middle ages—till the end of the thirteenth century perhaps—everything in external reality was symbolic of something in ultimate reality: everything on earth was symbolic of something in heaven. Symbolism was the natural language of art, and Byzantine artists invented elegant and handy symbols for almost every object or notion that was likely to occur in any scene they were likely to be called on to depict. These symbols reached the West through illustrated books, and suited painters so well that they continued in use long after technical discoveries had made realism possible. Every student is familiar with the Byzantine symbol for a mountain—a jagged cone: Sir Kenneth reminds us of the exquisite use made of this convention in the fifteenth century (*e.g.*, by Giovanni di Paolo in his St. John the Baptist going into the wilderness) and adds that even towards the end of the sixteenth the art of Greco bears witness to the persistence of Byzantine symbolism. It is, perhaps, in his discussion of symbolic landscape and the landscape of fact that Sir Kenneth's brilliant intellect and delicate perception are seen to greatest advantage; but throughout the first five chapters—the greater part of the book—he contrives to combine scholarship with sensibility, lightness of touch with solidity of erudition, in a manner that keeps the reader constantly delighted and alert. Only when he reaches the nineteenth century does he fail, it seems to me, entirely to convince. He becomes more assertive and less sure of his assertions. Is it that he is more at home with medieval and Renaissance than with modern art? Or is it merely that I cannot bear to hear a word against the Impressionists?

Perhaps I should be well advised to return to my original question: "Who was the first to conceive of landscape as an end in itself—neither symbol nor background?" If I understand him aright, Sir Kenneth would be inclined to reply, Hubert van Eyck, citing the illustrations in the Turin Hours (*circa* 1415) now alas! all but one destroyed. In these little pictures—of which we have photographs—he reckons the figures subordinate and the legends of no account. He may be right; but there the figures are, and to me they do seem of some account. No, if we are to be allowed to detach landscapes from the figures they support, I shall make claim for Giovanni Bellini's *Madonna del prato* or his *Conversation* in the Uffizi. Indeed, it is possible so to detach them, as Sir Kenneth Clark in another place has beautifully shown; also, if these details are to rank as "pure landscape," the Venetians from the earliest Bellinis to the latest Titians, along with their Umbrian animator, Piero della Francesca, provide us with our first and best school of European landscape-painters. But if by "pure landscape" we mean pictures in which there are no figures or only figures of no importance, these Venetian and Umbrian glories are excluded by definition. And, as no one, I suppose, would wish to drag the pleasing products of the Patinir combine into discussion, I think we must wait for Rubens before acclaiming a masterpiece of pure landscape. With hesitation and handsome apologies Sir Kenneth places him amongst the Fantasts. I have said that his classifications are elastic, but here, perhaps, he tries a pliant material too high. The fact is this mighty master, who with a poet's imagination combines almost supernatural powers of observation and recording, like Shakespeare, defies classification.

Of Poussin and Claude he writes beautifully and, what is more, with originality: the whole chapter on Ideal landscape is admirable. Only, as I have said, when he comes to the nineteenth century does he seem to falter. Sir Kenneth, we know, has been studying Ruskin, and Ruskin, I surmise, has induced an excessive admiration for Turner. The shadow of the great vulgarian casts a blight on the author's vision of a great age; and the defence of Turner becomes a preoccupation—which makes him, unconsciously perhaps, write grudgingly in praise of Constable, harshly of Courbet and coolly of the Impressionists. On these last, by the way, he, like many French scholars, seems doubtful of English influence. May I help him? He writes (page 92):

> They (the Impressionists) do not seem to have been interested in Constable, whose work was then disregarded, and whose sketches were not yet visible. We know from Pissarro's letters that they were impressed by Turner. But here again, we must remember that they saw only Turner's big machines, and many of the pictures which we value most highly, like the *Evening Star*, were only brought up from the cellars of the National Gallery in 1906.

I have it from Simon Bussy, who had it from Camille Pissarro himself, that the picture which impressed him and impressed Sisley was the *Frosty Morning*—one of the rare pictures by Turner which I, for my part, do value highly. Anyone who cares to visit the National Gallery can see for himself that the foreground is treated in a manner which, with a little good will, might be described as "impressionist": or rather, "anyone who visited could see," for whether this or any other picture is on view, and if so, where it is on view, depends, it would seem, on the passing mood and public engagements of the Director. As for Constable, I recall that he is claimed as a patron and precursor—which may imply no more than that he was praised by Delacroix—in an Impressionist manifesto. I cannot recall the date.

On page 53 Sir Kenneth Clark speaks of "the greatest master of untamed landscape," and it turns out that he is referring to Turner. That made me rub my eyes. When I had rubbed them sufficiently I perceived that the wheel had come full circle, and that our prime authority on painting—for that is what Sir Kenneth is—was in full revolt against his predecessor, Roger Fry. That Ruskin had a hand in the conversion I do not doubt. On page 96 Sir Kenneth says:

> Art is concerned with our whole being—our knowledge, our memories, our associations. To confine painting to purely visual sensations is to touch only the surface of our spirits. Perhaps, in the end, the idealist doctrine is right, we are more impressed by concepts than by sensations, as any child's drawing will show. The supreme creation of art is the compelling image.

This I take to be the author's creed. It is the exact opposite of Fry's which was that visual art is concerned with appearance, from which the artist extracts combinations of forms and colours that have a compelling power of their own, and can transport us far beyond this world of concepts and associations into the world of ultimate reality.

---

* *Landscape into Art.* By Kenneth Clark. *Murray.* 25s.

The Desert of Love

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC

Translated by Gerard Hopkins

"Few living novelists are more important than Mauriac, and 'The Desert of Love' is certainly among his best works. Gerard Hopkins's translation is everything it should be."

PETER QUENNELL (Daily Mail)

This volume also contains "The Enemy" (Le Mal) which has not been translated into English before. 10/6 net

Who was James Carey?

NEIL BELL

"Will inevitably be likened to Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde . . . well written, clever and full of incident." Liverpool Post.

384pp. 10/6 net

Grey Mistress

JOY PACKER

"An exciting story full of human interest . . . not the least absorbing pages are devoted to the grey mistresses themselves, a notable trio, known to the public as H.M.S. Calcutta, Manchester and Warspite."

15/- net The Scotsman

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

THE PHAIDON PRESS

recommends as one of its most notable publications

THE STORY OF ART

By E. H. GOMBRICH

464 PAGES WITH 370 ILLUSTRATIONS INCLUDING 21 IN FULL COLOUR

PRICE 21/- net.

To be published 30th November

THIS is a book to be enjoyed by young readers and by adults with young minds. For this is not a compilation of hackneyed text-book material, but the book of a scholar who has the rare gift of writing simply without over-simplifying. His original method of exposition must be of interest to all teachers. No work is mentioned that is not also illustrated and discussed in its form, its content and its social and historic setting. In this way there emerges out of our deepened understanding of the artist's intentions a vivid and lucid picture of a complex and magnificent tissue—the story of art as a coherent and intelligible epic of human endeavour.

★

To have read this book on Art is to know something about Art.

★

PHAIDON PRESS LTD., 1, Cromwell Place, S.W.7

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

★

"Mr. Eric Estorick's biography of Sir Stafford Cripps . . . is a superficial factual record of the career of a remarkable man . . ." A. J. CUMMINGS in the *News Chronicle*

"Superficial . . . is just what the book is not."
Manchester Guardian

★

"Nothing his hero does can possibly be wrong, or even wrong-headed. J. E. SEWELL in the *Daily Express*

"Sir Stafford's . . . inconsistency, of which Mr. Estorick records numerous examples . . ." MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE in the *Daily Telegraph*

★

"A supremely readable, frank and well-documented biography." WOODROW WYATT in the *Daily Herald*

". . . a notable achievement."
Birmingham Post

HEINEMANN

COMPTON MACKENZIE

First! never-to-be-forgotten

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN

8s. 6d. net

THEN! ever-to-be-remembered

WHISKY GALORE

9s. 6d. net

NOW!

not-to-be-missed

HUNTING THE FAIRIES

10s. 6d. net

CHATTO & WINDUS

AUBREY'S BRIEF LIVES

Edited and with introduction by

OLIVER LAWSON DICK

"People send me billions of books which I never open; but this one is a treasure."
—**George Bernard Shaw**

"As a guide to historical truth your 'Life and Times' at the beginning of the volume is more valuable than the 'Lives' themselves, but you have extracted from them their real value for social history. I congratulate you on something eminently worth doing and very well done."
—**Professor G. M. Trevelyan**

"This is one of the most enchanting books ever written." —**Arthur Bryant.**

500 pages. 24 pp. of illustrations. 30s. net

Eric Partridge NAME INTO WORD

"25s. . . . worth every farthing of it . . . this Partridge is a gay as well as a wise old bird."—*News Chronicle.*

25s.

Secker & Warburg

To use his own words, "we want something added to us, not something that will release what is already there."

Now Turner, it seems to me, was generally concerned with astonishing the romantic with the sudden and sumptuous revelation of his own feelings. He was concerned with the romantic tourist's reaction to nature. He was what Roger Fry calls a "first-shock artist," or rather a first-shock picture-maker. For he was furiously professional; and, despite Sir Kenneth's strange tale of the old gentleman poking his head out of the carriage window, in a downpour, to contemplate the subject of *Rain, Steam and Speed*, and keeping it out for *nine minutes* (trains go faster now), I sometimes wonder whether Turner had time to contemplate anything deeply. He was too busy "producing." "If Tom Girtin had lived I should have starved," he said. Is not that the authentic language of the Philistine? To Turner painting was competitive trade.

CLIVE BELL

A WASTED GIANT

Into the Wind. By J. C. W. REITH. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*

A considerable literature has already sprung up round the personality—"saturnine," "enigmatic," seem the adjectives most frequently called upon to describe it—of Lord Reith. Through the memoirs of former B.B.C. officials he stalks like a giant figure of doom, hurling his impossible questions at embarrassed seekers after positions in the Corporation: "Tell me all about yourself," "Do you accept the fundamental teachings of Jesus Christ?" It cannot be said that he has had exactly a good press; respect he has inspired, and awe, but not love. Now, out of what appears a fundamental dissatisfaction with himself, he has written his autobiography, some quarter of a million words in length, the boiling-down of a diary four million words long kept continuously since 1910. It is not easy reading: Lord Reith has retained a staccato note-form which falls at times into a curious sub-Carlylese; nor is it pleasant reading: how could it be, such a combination of almost overweening arrogance and a puzzled sense of failure? Yet its fascination cannot be denied, for its fascination is the same as that exercised by the familiar photographs of its writer, by the ruthless jaw, the scowl and the hot hostile eyes. What, one wants to know, what lies behind them?

Not that *Into the Wind* answers that question: on the evidence of his autobiography Lord Reith's personality is identical with his persona. At the beginning of his book there is the following interesting outburst:

> If only someone, father, headmasters, anyone, had . . . set me to an appreciation of myself; commended and qualified the assets; qualified but commended some of the liabilities too—for liabilities may be turned to assets as surely as assets may turn liability.

Yet, in fact, honest as *Into the Wind* is—and it is quite unsparing in its criticisms of many prominent people—there are no signs in it that its author is aware of the liabilities implicit in his character, however well he may know its assets; and the self-questionings, the doubts, turn always not on the nature of his character but on decisions made, indeed mainly on one decision, his leaving the B.B.C. And one suspects that even if anyone had set him to an appreciation of himself he would not have listened, for it is an understatement to say that, on his own admission, Lord Reith has always had a good conceit of himself. As a boy, it appears that he was intractable; and reading the early pages of *Into the Wind*, one realises that in him a great revolutionary leader was lost. But his rebellion took the form not of disobedience but of a grim resolve to excel even where he had no personal desire to excel. He wanted to go to a university, to study literature and philosophy; his father wanted him to become an engineer: he became an engineer almost, one forms the impression, out of pride which would not allow him to go against his father's wishes. It was the triumph, one feels, of will over self; and for years the will, in the form of intense ambition, went on triumphing. The account of the years at the B.B.C., for instance, is an account of continuous success. Within a year of becoming general manager of the original company he was dining with the Archbishop of Canterbury; within fifteen he had become a commanding figure in public life, a figure without parallel in history before him, balancing party leaders against party leaders, announcing the death of a King, watching over the abdication of another King. He had to a very large extent imposed his own conception of what the national way of life should be on the nation as a whole, whether it liked it or not. He was the confidant of Prime Ministers and Primates, himself impregnable because he was neutral. Wherever he went, it seems, he was assured that high office was in the offing: he was to be a Governor-General; he was to be the next ambassador to Washington; both Baldwin and MacDonald suggested that one day he would be Premier. Then, in 1938, at the request of Chamberlain, he left the B.B.C. to go to British Imperial Airways. Of his successor, Sir Frederick Ogilvie, he says flatly: "I was quite sure he was not the man for the B.B.C." (though it is recorded in another place that Sir Frederick at least "set a standard of politeness and urbanity in inter-office dealings which contrasted refreshingly with the tone of the old *régime*").

The war came. Surely it should have given Lord Reith the great opportunity of his life? It didn't: a few months as Minister of Information, a year or so as Minister of Works, and then till the end of the war service as a comparatively junior officer in the Navy. And here, at this stage of the book, it is impossible not to be moved. For his life is passed, whether as junior minister or junior officer, in daily expectation of the telephone call from Churchill that never comes; the man who has been at the centre of things is now on the periphery. The war ended, he writes to Churchill:

> I have (like you) a war mentality and other qualities which should have commended themselves to you. Even in office I was nothing like fully stretched; and I was completely out of touch with you. You could have used me in a way and to an extent you never realised. Instead of that there has been the sterility, humiliation and distress of all those years—"eyeless in Gaza"—without even the consolation Samson had in knowing it was his own fault.

There is a story that Churchill once remarked of one of his wartime colleagues, "Gentlemen, there, but for the grace of God, goes—God"; and God and John Reith share an equally prominent place in the dedication of Broadcasting House.

But to what is Lord Reith's comparative failure, after such brilliant early success, to be attributed? A remark on his wartime aspirations seems revealing: "Life and war were engineering jobs of a kind." That war is partly an engineering job is obvious enough, but that life, even in wartime, can thus be adequately described is very dubious indeed. For even in wartime men and women are not simply so many tools and raw materials to be used by the master-administrator. It is this, one feels strongly after reading his autobiography, that Lord Reith has not always remembered.

Of Lord Reith's achievements there remains the B.B.C. What British broadcasting would have been like had there been no Reith to give it his impress it is impossible to say; it is therefore generally assumed that it would have been worse than it is. Lord Reith's ambitions for the B.B.C. were certainly of the highest:

> Even in 1930 it seemed that broadcasting might be the integrating element [in democracy]; that, rightly understood and applied, a national broadcasting service might apply the integrator for democracy. . . . Integration is a process not of gross summation but of ordering and valuation. Broadcasting was not only the collector but the selector of material. Therein lay—and always will lie—its supreme responsibility.

To me, the implications of such a view of broadcasting, if I understand it rightly, seem dangerous in the extreme. In fact, great though the progress of British broadcasting was under Lord Reith, it was accompanied by great defects. If Lord Reith's intention was to make the B.B.C. respectable, he succeeded. It certainly was not intellectually or artistically adventurous; nor is this perhaps surprising, for, on the evidence of his autobiography, his mind, though vigorous, is not intellectually curious, and there are no signs at all that he has read any literature other than the Scots metrical psalms and *The Testament of Beauty* (which, needless to say, "will endure long after most of the poetry of these days has been forgotten"). He gave broadcasting dignity, but it was often not more than the dignity of the announcer announcing a talk on the slow-worm—in the obligatory dinner jacket. It may be that he was right in this; perhaps the B.B.C. had to be made respectable before it could be anything else. One debt, however, we do owe him: he secured—and after what struggles *Into the Wind* makes plain—the political impartiality and independence of the B.B.C. And that is an enormous debt.

WALTER ALLEN

ALL WE NEED TO KNOW

Shakespeare and His Critics. By F. E. HALLIDAY. *Duckworth.* 30*s.*

Sometimes, but not (luckily for the well-being of reviewers) too often, a publisher's "blurb" hits the mark exactly. I cannot do better than quote the description of *Shakespeare and His Critics* that appears inside the jacket. "This invaluable companion to Shakespeare studies gives—for the first time between two covers—all that the ordinary Shakespeare-lover wishes to know

INTERESTED IN POLITICS?

Then make this practical Test

(1) Think of three important events in national or international Politics, Economics, or Social Questions which occurred during, say, the past decade.

(2) Try to find full details of these happenings in any of the newspaper or periodical files, scrapbooks, history books, reference works, etc. at your disposal and note the hours, days, weeks it took you for each item.

(3) Then turn up KEESING'S—the **living** reference tool on current affairs (established 1931) and within a few seconds you will have in front of you the complete and authentic data, no matter whether you were looking for an event, or speech, agreement, figure, date or statement, etc.

As long as it is an important FACT in World or Home Affairs, you will find it recorded in KEESING'S—from 1931 right up to last Saturday (thence weekly until Doomsday)—and mark: **It's the *perpetual* Index that makes all the difference.**

N.B. If you still lack KEESING'S—just use this coupon.

KEESING'S PUBL. LTD · KEYNSHAM · BRISTOL

Please tell me (gratis) when, what, how, whether .....

Name .....

Address N.St.26

Just Published

TOM HOPKINSON

Down the Long Slide

The hero of Mr. Hopkinson's new novel is an old-guard revolutionary, under suspicion and forced to escape to Western Europe. The book is as exciting as any thriller, but beneath the immediate suspense lies a perceptive comment on man and society. *7s. 6d.*

EVELYN HARDY

The Conjured Spirit —Jonathan Swift

An important new study of the enigma of Swift's relations with Stella and Vanessa, by an author whose sympathetic life of Donne will be remembered. *Illustrated. 15s.*

THE HOGARTH PRESS

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS WORK OF REFERENCE

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

New printing available for EARLY DELIVERY

Over 4,160 authorities of international repute contribute to its thousands of beautifully printed and lavishly illustrated pages. Parents particularly will appreciate the tremendous value of such a complete authoritative work of reference and the advantages it can bring to their children.

SUBSCRIPTION PURCHASE PLAN

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA LTD., (Dept. NSN/3), 90, Dean Street, London, W.1

FILL IN AND SEND TODAY

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA LTD

(Dept. NSN/3), 90, Dean Street, London, W.1.

Please let me have complete details of the latest Encyclopædia Britannica, including particulars of the two valuable Supplementary Services and the subscription method of payment.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Ready Monday

New Mysteries

STRANGE WELCOME

F. A. Chittenden

Jim Wexford, revisiting the scenes of his boyhood after twelve years absence, discovers tragically that the village is no longer the same—the smiles of welcome are like masks, disguising fear—and murder. The startling climax will delight all lovers of mystery and detection. 8s. 6d. net

HOPE TO DIE

Hillary Waugh

The Wesleys, private investigators, meet an intriguing case and, after exciting days of murder and violence, solve it. 7s. 6d. net

HALO FOR SATAN

John Evans

A manuscript was offered for sale at a price of $25,000,000. This document might affect the very canons of Christianity; and Paul Pine, private detective, believed he might be close to the most extraordinary case in his varied career. 8s. 6d. net

BOARDMAN

GEORGE WEIDENFELD AND NICOLSON LIMITED

TO BE PUBLISHED SHORTLY

Three exceptional autobiographies

MUSSOLINI

Benito Mussolini: **Memoirs 1942-43**

His own account of his last months of power and his fall. A work of great historical importance, revealing the moods and motives of a Dictator at the crisis of his life. *Price:* 18/-

SCHACHT

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht: **Account Settled**

The summary of his long and stormy association with Hitler. An indispensable record of the German economic experiment. *Price:* 15/-

HALDANE

Charlotte Haldane: **Truth Will Out**

A book of great topical significance, tracing the story of her collaboration and final breach with the Communist Party, and the consequences upon her private life. *Price:* 12/6

GEORGE WEIDENFELD AND NICOLSON LIMITED

7 CORK STREET, LONDON, W.1.

ETHEL

MANNIN

Bavarian Story

A love story in the deepest sense

By the author of

LATE HAVE I LOVED THEE

(84th Thousand) *10/6 net*

LORD

DUNSANY

The Man Who Ate The Phoenix

A splendid collection of stories by an acknowledged master.

9/6 net

HENRY GIBBS

Ten-Thirty Sharp

A novel of the Theatre

By the author of

CHILDREN'S OVERTURE

(76th Thousand) *9/6 net*

JARROLDS

Publishers (London) Limited

DENT

Versus
Ogden Nash
A new collection of 100 poems, in succession to *The Face is Familiar* and *Good Intentions*, by 'the most comic poet of all comic poets alive.'
7s. 6d. net

You Never Know Till You Get There
Henry Longhurst
A racy commentary on people and places and events the world over, by the author of *I Wouldn't Have Missed It*, etc. 32 pages of photogravure illustrations. 16s. net

Charles Lamb & His Hertfordshire
Reginald L. Hine
The last work of the author of *Confessions of an Un-Common Attorney*, including hitherto unpublished Lamb letters. 400 pages. Fully illustrated in half-tone and line. 18s. net

Resurrection Road
Millie Toole
A novel of life in Manchester municipal flats, written with the same humorous realism as the author's unusual biography of her father, *Our Old Man*. 9s. 6d. net

Today *we publish a new collection from the* NEW STATESMAN *feature*

This England
1946-1949
Over 100 "gems" selected by
AUDREY HILTON
Thirty drawings by
RONALD SEARLE
2/- net
From all bookshops and bookstalls

Since the last edition attitudes have changed; in Ronald Searle's England of 1949 Privilege weeps, and the Lion mumbles a rationed bone. But the pleasant foibles are still there. They make us rave, they make us wonder, they make us laugh . . . a little malice among friends.

TURNSTILE PRESS
10 Great Turnstile London W.C.1

and to keep by him for reference. The author includes a life of Shakespeare, a study of his poetry and the development of his style, a history of the various texts, and a sober refutation of 'disintegrators and Baconians.' The second part of the book is a survey of Shakespearean criticism, ancient and modern, ending with an anthology of what the critics have said about each individual work of Shakespeare's. There are illustrations, including several facsimile title-pages, a bibliography, and three indexes. The book is both agreeable and instructive to read through from start to finish. . . ." Having underlined that, I find myself reflecting that, if this advertisement had met my eye in the proof stage, I might have substituted for "invaluable" in the first sentence "indispensable," and at the end I should have added: "—which is, when you think of it, with a book of 522 pages, a considerable feat."

So far as utility goes, one can (having made the journey through Mr. Halliday's pages) very quickly retrieve a date or a name, or uncover the bare bones of controversy. Who first bastardised Sir William Davenant to Shakespeare's account? Who discovered the Bacon romp as a happy follow-up to *The Romance of Yachting*? Who was Lucy? Who called whom an upstart what, with a ha'porth of tar, and what are the percentages of feminine endings and run-on lines in *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Tempest*? (See pages 17, 41, 220, 29 and 496 respectively: the Davenanter was Aubrey). Shakespeare's probable earnings; his first and last parts on the stage; lawsuits, lists of players, properties; good and bad Quartos; the history of Falstaff and Polonius's original names; the evidence for such cruxes as the identity of Mr. W. H., the Sonnets' order, the deer-poaching, the hand in *Henry VIII*, the little finger in *Sir Thomas More;* the traditional effigies, botulent in stone, dollish in engraving; the hasty contradictions — Bohemia's coast and the twice-announced death of Brutus's Portia—and the new importance of Shakespeare's handwriting as an aid to text-verification: all these and a thousand other points *Shakespeare and His Critics* illuminates. Yet this is not a book, generously informative though it may be, in which any reader could conceivably lose his way.

How has Mr. Halliday brought off the triumph of making his companion-to-studies so readable? By an artful appeal to ignorance and intelligence, by liberal quotation, by the most orderly arrangement, by a continuous exercise of judgment and taste, which in the joy of fact-finding we may not instantly appreciate. Everyone—everyone, that's to say, willing to pay his thirty shillings for such easy enlightenment—must be aware that almost nothing is known for certain about Shakespeare's youth; yet, after all the Lives, it comes almost as a shock to be reminded flatly that "up till 1592, when Shakespeare was twenty-eight, the only records of his existence are those of his baptism, his licence to be married, and the baptism of his three children." That makes one sit up (I speak for myself), with the determination never again to read a Life of Shakespeare; and while his reader is still possessed by this boldly chastened mood, Mr. Halliday goes on unobtrusively to build on the only evidence that holds—the plays (and poems) themselves. Not that he ever lacks foundation; brick by brick and example by example, the great original makes that new impression without which no book on this subject, however fact-accumulating, is worth while. One reads for the sake of Shakespeare in a fresh and (as it may seem) true context, but, after all, for Shakespeare's sake and not Halliday's or Dover Wilson's or Stewart's. Do their commentaries make us re-read with a new attention? To cite my own experience with Mr. Halliday, I had read not more than a fifth of his book before going on a holiday that involved making some long train journeys abroad. As I stared out of the window with the fascination that luxuriates, under a sun more brilliant than our own, in its release and tries to seize every detail of a church tower or a canal-side or a woman minding goats, a broken line from Shakespeare wrote itself incongruously over the landscape:

Dusk thickens; and the crow
Makes wing towards the rooky wood . . .

So, strummed out by the train rhythm, and attesting the place where (a couple of hundred miles north) I'd left off reading *Shakespeare and His Critics*, these words from *Macbeth* made their own poem; though I knew I had them not just right—in fact, rather horribly wrong. Nevertheless through four weeks of sunlight and sightseeing, the words, subtly distorted, would revive, and as soon as I got back to England, I looked up the passage in *Macbeth*. Here it is, Act III, Sc. 2, on the eve of Banquo's murder:

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me.

How could one forget that? Yet I had, and it hadn't made me altogether unhappy: such is the limbo of a bad memory. The point is that Mr. Halliday's citation of some dozen words, allied to observations by Miss Caroline Spurgeon about the links in *Macbeth* between moving animals and the idea of doom, quoted a few pages earlier, had hung in the air waiting for my return. No mere reference book, however loftily conceived, could have accomplished that.

For, to its richness of data and fact—and on no subject could such an addiction be more welcome—has been joined a synthesising critical power that, while never obtruding itself, makes light of its laborious survey. Consider, for example, the two anthologies contained easily within these covers: one a thirty-page demonstration of the development in Shakespeare's style, excerpts from the verse and prose at all stages, and chosen not for the general flavour but to distinguish work in progress. I think every reader and critic who tends to a static view, would do well to study this sequence of passages forwards and backwards, but particularly forwards. Mr. Halliday takes the dynamic view. He surprises growth and change; when his Shakespeare dies, there is a moment of flabbergasted silence, then the critics start talking; and the criticism changes and grows no less than did its object.

From Greene and Meres to Eliot and Spurgeon, they discover, distinguish, contribute, stress, and sometimes only exhibit themselves with an emphatic Yes or No. Johnson's moral judgments weather better than Tolstoy's or Shaw's; Pepys survives as the low little theatre-going man; Voltaire crepitates, and Bradley serenely inspires; what Coleridge (for once) may have found abominable or painful, Hazlitt rushes in to restore with breathless pats and hugs; there are some victories that can never be reversed—De Quincey's hall-porter, for example, and Bradley's black Othello; and those early venturers in scholarship and insight, Malone and the Duchess of Newcastle, have been followed by a pretty complete mapping of the Shakespearean world. The last chapter of Mr. Halliday's book is so arranged that any play can be turned up, with its details of source, text, and performance, and select criticisms to follow.

Has he missed anything of importance? Not so far as I can see; and even his footnotes shed light. From one we learn that Chaucer's "The smyler with the knyf under the cloke" was watered down by Dryden to "Soft smiling, and demurely looking down, But hid the dagger underneath the gown." Alas for fashion! And it was Dryden who undertook to "correct" Shakespeare with the reflection, "his whole style is so pestered with figurative expressions, that it is as affected as it is obscure. 'Tis true, that in his latter plays he had worn off somewhat of the rust. . . ."

G. W. STONIER

Just Published

MEN IN THE TROPICS
A Colonial Anthology

Compiled and edited by
HAROLD EVANS
With 5 maps and 32 pp. of photographs

18s.

"This book is an anthology—one of the most original and interesting that have appeared for some time past. Mr. Evans has had the excellent idea of bringing together a selection from the extensive literature of the British tropical colonies. He has done the job well, and the result is a fascinating book, showing more of the true meaning of imperial government than thirty treatises of Constitutional History or Colonial Administration. Here is almost everything one can want from an anthology; humour, poetry, excitement, horror and a st.:.t of plain good stories."
Listener

"... Mr. Evans has an eye for fine writing and beauty, so that his selections, considered as pieces of prose, match his design admirably and the photographs are a real embellishment to a most satisfying book."
Times Literary Supplement

"Mr. Evans has chosen his authorities with extraordinary skill, and his short historical sketches are admirable."
Economist

* * *

OLD CAILLIE
by ARNT HVIDSTEN
With black and white drawings by the author

9s.

"This typescript has enthralled and impressed me. It has enthralled me as a reader by its colour; it has impressed me as a naturalist by its accuracy ... this is excellent. It should find a wide public in this country."
Brian Vesey-FitzGerald

"I could combine my preface and my appreciation for this book in one sentence. As a very busy man I started, somewhat reluctantly, to read the manuscript and, a thing that happens to me very rarely, I could not stop until I came to the end of the story."
Ludwig Koch

WILLIAM HODGE

Greatly Enlarged

CHRISTMAS BOOKS NUMBER

56 pages of articles, reviews and features on the new Christmas books and other seasonable literary topics.

* * *

14 well-known critics choose their Christmas book gifts.
Famous Writers and the Circus.
Brian Vesey Fitzgerald on the Robin, bird of Christmas.
Christmas Book Lists Fifty Years Ago by Trevor Allen.
Children's Books section conducted by Mary Crosbie, Stevie Smith and Geoffrey Trease.
New novels reviewed by Richard Church, Sarah Campion and Morchard Bishop.

JOHN O'LONDON'S
WEEKLY
The Gateway to Good Reading

6D NOW ON SALE 6D

Sergeant Shakespeare

DUFF COOPER

There are some seven or eight years of Shakespeare's early manhood about which virtually nothing is known. He is believed to have left Stratford in 1584 or 1585, and when we next meet him in 1592 he is established in London as a playwright of some repute. Let us suppose, argues Sir Duff Cooper, that some of the time was spent as a soldier in the Low Countries, under the banner of the Earl of Leicester. What evidence can be found to support this theory? Sir Duff discovers a surprising amount and makes out a convincing case that Shakespeare served in the army and was promoted to non-commissioned rank. The writing has all the lucidity and elegance that graced *Talleyrand* and *David*.

8s. 6d.

RUPERT HART-DAVIS

Vernon Bartlett MP

EAST OF THE IRON CURTAIN Mr. Bartlett recently made an extensive, fact-finding tour of Eastern Europe which took him from Yugoslavia up to Finland. His observations and conclusions answer many of our questions about life behind the Curtain, and will do much to create that better understanding upon which peace depends. 8/6

W J Brown MP

BROWN STUDIES Our political scene would be incomplete without Mr. Brown's fearless, homespun philosophy. In these essays he defends our freedoms against bureaucracy, Communism, misapplied trade-unionism and other threats. Foreword by Arthur Bryant. 9/6

Ivor Thomas MP

THE SOCIALIST TRAGEDY An acute destructive analysis of the Socialist creed.—A. J. Cummings, *News Chronicle*. Brilliantly argued.—*Sunday Times*. A wealth of facts and reasoned conclusions.—*Oxford Mail*.
2nd imp. 10/6

LATIMER HOUSE Ltd 33 LUDGATE HILL EC4

Desmond MacCarthy

Portraits

New Impression

Demy 8vo. 306 pages 10s. 6d. net

Living portrayal of writers, statesmen and others whom Mr. MacCarthy has known personally or whose writings he has studied.

Emma Smith
THE
Far Cry

Second Impression 9s. 6d. net

"... hers will one day be a very important name indeed"—*New Statesman*.

N.B.
Emma Smith's gay first book "Maiden's Trip." Second Impression. 8s. 6d. net

MACGIBBON & KEE LTD.
2 Guilford Place, London, W.C.1

BETWEEN PRODUCER AND CONSUMER

Distributive Trading. By MARGARET HALL. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

The problems involved in distribution—the process, that is, by which output is transferred from producer to consumer—can be approached from many angles. For instance, there is the attitude of the queue-wearied shopper who questions the efficiency of the whole mechanism, and suspects that the price of the pound of tomatoes or the yard of carpeting contains too many profitable "margins." There is the perplexity of the retailer who has to make up his mind whether to rely on the wholesaler for his supplies or buy direct from the manufacturer, whether to meet competition by reducing his prices or augmenting his "services," whether a big shop pays better than a small one. And there is the standpoint of the statesman, whose concern is to be sure that distribution does not absorb an uneconomic proportion of the nation's manpower resources.

Within the compass of a short book, Mrs. Hall has tried, not so much to answer all these questions, as to indicate the lines along which they should be explored. Like most contemporary economists, she is clearly not satisfied with Adam Smith's comfortable dictum that shopkeepers "can never be multiplied so as to hurt the public." Regretting the delays which have attended the census of distribution promised by Sir Stafford Cripps in 1947, she inclines to the view that, between the Wars, there was a disproportionate rise in the numbers occupied in distribution and in its costs per unit of turnover; and, though World War II brought about a temporary slimming, the re-expansion of the distributive trades since 1945 may well reflect a real failure of marketing methods to keep pace with the efficiency of production techniques.

Agreement with this view, however, does not by any means imply acceptance of the contention that the number of distribution outlets should be regulated by the Stock. There is a strong economic case for giving consumers' co-operatives a monopoly of retailing; but, so long as private enterprise predominates in the distributive trades, the consumer might lose more than he would gain by the arbitrary elimination of "excessive competition." For the economist, as soon as he begins to analyse the problems of distribution, runs up against the difficulty that the thing which the wholesaler and retailer sells is not a homogeneous "commodity," but a composite of goods and services which varies widely in quality and hence in cost; and demand may actually be increased by the higher costs involved in credit, distant deliveries, shoppers' rest rooms and so forth—factors which Adam Smith might have found disconcerting.

The problem, in fact, is a good deal more complex than the average shopper or politician is apt to realise; and though Mrs. Hall has made portions of her analysis stiff going for the general reader by yielding to the temptation (irresistible, one finds, in this subject) to express marginal costs and so forth in terms of rectangular hyperbolas, *Distributive Trading* is a concise and useful introduction to the study of a field which in both the pure and the applied economist have still scope to contribute much to the statesman's—and the housewife's—guidance.

Both practically and theoretically, the whole question of distribution is dominated to-day by the consideration that the market is essentially one of "imperfect" competition. Not merely are retailers Smith and Jones both selling, in many lines, commodities whose quantities, qualities and prices are controlled by Mr. Strachey or Mr. Wilson, so that their competition is often limited to the extent they offer their customers special services or "under the counter" attractions; shops are also prevented from passing on to the consumer the benefit of efficient methods and cheapened costs by the system under which individual manufacturers and, sometimes, trade associations forbid the sale of branded (and heavily advertised) goods below a stated price.

Mrs. Hall's book was written before the publication, last June, of the report of the Committee on Retail Price Maintenance, which reached the half-hearted conclusion that, though action by Associations was "undesirable and should be made illegal," nothing could or should be done to deprive individual producers of the right to enforce minimum retail prices. It is a conclusion which, one imagines, she would have deplored; for her analysis of the effects of price maintenance brings out forcibly the extent to which this system—for all its superficial attractions of "ease and certainty"—can lead, and is leading, to an uneconomic duplication of small and inefficient distributive outlets and, worse still, to a rigidity in the whole structure of the trades.

Here, in fact, is the crux of the contemporary situation. Apart from the fact that, pending the census of distribution, there is a shocking lack of data for the social accounting of the cost of distribution, it is clear that we have tolerated the growth of conditions in which the price mechanism no longer plays much part as a test of the efficiency of private enterprise, either in wholesaling or retailing. So long as price maintenance figures to the present extent in the pattern of distribution, the search for an answer to the questions "Big shops or small?" "Multiples or Units"? "Too many shops or too few"? is apt to be an exploration in the dark.

AYLMER VALLANCE

"Emergency-Trained"

The Emergency Training Scheme is the subject of two articles in the December issue of

FURTHER EDUCATION

Order your copy now—Single copy 5s.; yearly £1

TURNSTILE PRESS

10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

NEW NOVELS

Down the Long Slide. By TOM HOPKINSON. *Hogarth.* 7s. 6d.

Men of Stones. By REX WARNER. *Bodley Head.* 9s.

The Young Lions. By IRWIN SHAW. *Cape.* 15s.

Walk in Darkness. By HANS HABE *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

Two English novels, and two American The English novels are not concerned with England or with specifically English problems; the world is their province, and in their responsible, extrovert, colonial-administrator's way, they are interested in all that is going on there. The two American writers, by contrast, are shut away from the wider world in a grim liberal nightmare about lynching statistics and restricted country clubs. Both the English books have style and pace, but they lack the authenticity of the Americans, and although this authenticity is "obvious" it is nevertheless painful and impressive. Let us have a closer look at the English pair.

Mr. Tom Hopkinson is the author of the finest short story to have appeared in England since the death of D. H. Lawrence, and anything he writes is to be judged by the highest standards. *Above the Snow Line* was a story designed in the Maupassant tradition, a piece of precision engineering machined to the nearest thousandth of an inch; but it was not merely supremely well done; it was a tragedy of sexual sophistication, lyrical and sad. How nearly does anything else which he has written approach these lonely heights? One or two short stories, in a volume in which others were nowhere near this level, and a certain lightness and sureness of touch in a novel, *Mist on the Tagus*, which was an emotional and atmospheric soufflé.

Down the Long Slide is a thriller, an escape story, a beautifully cinematic piece of action in search of a director, with a logical, ironic, harsh ending. Brusilov is the Director of the State Publishing House in contemporary Ruritania; an energetic, ruthless, jovial man, forcing his way through dangerous committee rows, he is the professional revolutionary who has arrived. As one of the "fifteen or twenty men below the top six," he knows he will not last for ever, but he reckons that, in his position, if you are smart, you get a warning. It may be anything, a reverse in committee that looks like all the other reverses, a telephone call which isn't put through, a name in the newspaper, a glance in the street. When you get it, you must drop everything, ambitions, luxuries, responsibility, success, and go. But you must have an escape hatch to go through, a faithful doorkeeper, a lavatory window in a chosen restaurant, a place to be at H Hour plus two, a car, maps, money, food, friends. For a professional, it is not overwhelmingly difficult, and Brusilov is a professional, a man to whom all this kind of thing is merely a technique which he has mastered. And so we come to the point of the story. What is he escaping to? What is he using the technique *for*?

To say that Brusilov might as well be dead as be a renegade in exile is merely to indicate Mr. Hopkinson's point, which is made with subtlety as well as force. Subtle and forceful as the ending is, however, it is not moving. Emotionally, *Down the Long Slide* is superficial. Mr. Hopkinson has once again given an idea of what he could do if he tried. It is an idea of something really formidable, but so far we have only had one piece of it.

Take a community more or less cut off from the world, a community in which official authority is exercised by a mystic preaching a gospel of power; take the conflict between his view of life and the traditional Christian-humanitarian view; add a love-affair, and provide a dramatic climax. This is the material of *Men of Stones:* it is good material, but it is obviously the material which Mr. Warner has used in his earlier novel *The Aerodrome.* Instead of the aerodrome of that book we have a prison on an island, instead of the Air Vice-Marshal we have the Governor. The atmosphere of

GOETHE'S FAUST

Parts 1 and 2, in one volume

Bayard Taylor's Famous Translation with Notes and New Introduction. 12/6

Professor E. M. Butler writes:—
"This particular publication will outweigh in value all volumes of criticism and appreciation which the Bicentenary of Goethe's Birth is producing in such gratifying numbers. It is also to be had at an extremely modest price."—THE LISTENER, 27th October, 1949.

DUCHESSE DE LANGEAIS
by Honore de Balzac
A New translation. 6/-

In Preparation
THE PRINCESS DE CLEVES
by Madam de Lafayette
Translation and Preface by
NANCY MITFORD

302, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1
VICtoria 2500

THE
SCULPTURES
OF
PICASSO
Introduction by
DANIEL KAHNWEILER
Photographs by
BRASSAI

'It reveals a range of work unknown even to Picasso's most enthusiastic admirers — a fascinating book.' *News Chronicle.*

216 Plates 45s.

RODNEY PHILLIPS & CO.
9 LADBROKE TERRACE
LONDON, W.11

GET THE FACTS!

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE INTER-WAR YEARS"
by Maurice Maybury
110 pp. PRICE 1/6

Order from your bookseller

"4 YEARS OF SOCIALIST GOVERNMENT"
134 pp.
PRICE 1/-

"THE RIGHT ROAD FOR BRITAIN"
The Conservative Plan for the Future
68 pp. PRICE 6d. Popular Version 1d.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY EXCEEDS 2,500,000

For the week-end...

For sixpence...

Forget yourself in

THIS WEEK'S

READY SHORTLY

A faithful, yet dramatic record of the Resistance Movement in Malaya, written by the man who organised it

SINGA
THE LION OF MALAYA
Being the Memoirs of
GURCHAN SINGH
EDITED BY HUGH BARNES
PREFACE BY L. D. GAMMANS, M.P.

Profusely illustrated with photographs 15s. net

QUALITY PRESS LTD.
PUBLISHERS
18 Adam St., Adelphi, London, W.C.2

FIVE SEASONS
OF THE OLD VIC THEATRE CO.

A scrapbook covering the period of the great successes of the Old Vic from 1944-1949. With a contribution by Sir Laurence Olivier and over one hundred illustrations.

Price 12/6 nett.

THE SATURN PRESS

Symphonia Books provide
A HISTORY OF MUSIC & MUSICIANS

Sixteen titles in separate volumes are available, with others to follow. 10¼×8", 64 pages, profusely illustrated. Decorated boards, 7s. 6d. each net. "Concise and scholarly."—Ernest Newman in the "Sunday Times." *Prospectus available.*

Sidgwick & Jackson

Published to-day
TITO
by George Bilainkin

An impartial survey of the Marshal's career and present position in Yugoslavia, written by one who has had many private conversations with him. The book includes the authentic text of the Stalin—Tito correspondence.

Crown 8vo. Illustrated 10s. 6d.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE

both books has a coolness and impersonality which is characteristic of Mr. Warner's writing, and both are written in this same clear, stylised, formal prose. In my view however *Men of Stones* is not so good a novel. Mr. Warner seems to have lost the sharp edge of his literary personality. Thus while he said in a prefatory note to *The Aerodrome* that he did not even aim at realism, he seems, in *Men of Stones*, to take an occasional, but rather half-hearted, pot-shot at it. The book does not, at any rate, achieve the impressive remoteness of *The Aerodrome*, nor the intellectual authority, nor the macabre humour. The characters are neither very convincing as personalities nor very interesting as figures. Mr. Warner had one of the big new reputations of the late Thirties; if it is to survive in the early Fifties it cannot do so on repetition.

The Young Lions is an immensely long book, Victorian in its solidity and in its construction, which is that of a straightforward chronicle switching chapter by chapter from one to another of the main characters as they go through the war. These three characters are Noah Ackerman, the lonely, shy young Jew; Michael Whitacre, the successful Broadway-and-Hollywood writer; and Christian Diestl, the Austrian ski-ing instructor and "good German." The material is simple enough. They are all very much in the war, and this is very much a war book. Noah's difficulties are the difficulties of being a Jew among anti-semites; Michael's those of being an intellectual in a war; Christian's those of being a patriotic German in victory and in defeat. The book does not pretend to cast its rays into the deep recesses of the soul, but it does floodlight the entrance. It gives, for example, a very strong and real impression of what the war looked like to an intelligent young German sergeant who fought in France and Italy, and Mr. Shaw's success in getting inside Christian Diestl is a success of imaginative sympathy. Mainly, however, Mr. Shaw relies upon exact observation rather than on imagination: the picture is built up on detail selected with the brilliant competence of Hollywood at its best, and presented with the mordancy which is Hollywood's literary bye-product—the lunch ordered in a fashionable Hollywood restaurant (bacon and eggs, asparagus and Hollandaise sauce and a double Scotch); the tough sergeant who lisps ("the dirty bathtardth") and the details about Gestapo methods, which are about the most horrible and quietly convincing I have encountered. In its class, that of the big-selling "nationally advertised product," this book ranks very high indeed. Long as it is, it pulls its weight by reason of the living realism which the main characters have acquired by the end of it.

Mr. Hans Habe's story of a Negro is a book of rather the same kind as *The Young Lions*, not so long, but equally solid and straightforward. It is not a subtle book, and the feeling in it is strong rather than deep, but it is real feeling, and it excites sympathy. The hero is a war-time soldier who rejoins the Army to get away from Harlem. He is sent to Germany, and this story of his decline into the black market, desertion, crime and murder is infinitely commonplace. But Mr. Habe's picture of the almost relentless pressure, often on the edge of violence, which drives him along, has a grim documentary exactness. This book is the literary counterpart of *Home of the Brave*, and it is a pity to be too subtle and smart about it. It is good entertainment and a desirable social phenomenon. J. D. SCOTT

THE UTOPIANS

Paths in Utopia. By MARTIN BUBER. Translated by R. F. C. HULL. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

Professor Martin Buber has a considerable reputation as a thinker and is, I suppose, counted among the existentialists. Owing to chance or the mental inanition which comes from reading too much, he was merely a name to me and the author of quotations in other men's books. This book of his on socialism proves that his high reputation is well deserved. It is a very interesting book, because, though it deals with the depths rather than the surface of society, Professor Buber is interested, not in the exercise of his own brain, but in social realities. His book is an analysis and essentially a defence of the "utopian" socialists upon whom, ever since the Communist Manifesto, good Marxists have lavished their patronising scorn.

Professor Buber analyses the doctrines of the utopians: Owen, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Proudhon, Kropotkin, and Landauer, and the relation of Marx, Engels and Lenin to utopianism. He points out that there are two kinds of utopianism. The first kind can be seen in full flower in Fourier; it is schematic and theoretic; the abstract imagination starts "from a theory of the nature of man, his capacities and needs," and then "deduces a social order that shall employ all his capacities and satisfy all his needs." The essence of the second kind is "organic planning"; it is severely practical; it seeks by objective study to understand the nature of existing society and of its contradictions and to discover how by transforming it to overcome the contradictions. All ideals, until they are fulfilled, are utopian in the second sense, but not in the first, and in the second sense Marxian socialism is just as utopian as Proudhon's.

The most valuable feature of Professor Buber's study is his demonstration of the relation of utopian and Marxian socialism to the state or centralisation. There is much to criticise in the utopians, but he shows that in one all-important point their vision is clearer and their approach more practically hopeful than those of the Communists who claim to be the sole legitimate heirs of Marx. He insists that the rigid centralisation of the communist totalitarian state is disastrous both to socialism and to society; it is, in the modern world, not desirable, necessary, or inevitable. The utopians were right in seeing that the only practical way of building up a good socialist society is from the bottom upwards, a community of communities. Professor Buber maintains that the instrument of such building must be the federal principle applied to "natural" groups throughout the warp and woof of society. He sees in the Jewish village communes of Palestine a partially successful experiment in the right direction. LEONARD WOOLF

THE POET AND HIS AGE

Epitaphs and Occasions. By ROY FULLER. *Lehmann.* 6*s.*

After the Bombing. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. *Macmillan.* 6*s.*

Speak with the Sun. By DAVID CAMPBELL. *Chatto & Windus.* 6*s.*

Mr. Roy Fuller's poetic attitude is, with a new tinge of bitterness and disillusionment, the attitude of Mr. Auden in the 1930s. His voice, indeed, is often indistinguishable from Mr. Auden's, whether in large generalisations,

> The cause of what has been
> Is fixed in the sensual past,

in small naggings,

> About us lie our elder writers,
> Small, gritty, barren, like detritus,

or in occasional schoolmasterish rappings of the knuckles of the unco-operative great,

> In the good society
> Morbid art's not necessary.
> It's a sick subhuman voice
> Comes from Kafka, Proust and Joyce.

(The confusion there, surely, is of diagnosis and disease, of physician and patient.) The attitude is based partly on a fatalism about history,

> I feel the lake preserved
> For some new Gibbon's mildly-stirred repose
> In which, long after, lake-bound, he translates
> Our frightful end to ornamental prose,

and partly on a puritanical guilt, not about things done or left undone, but about the chance of birth that has shut Mr. Fuller out from the proletarian elect,

> Dear friends, I wish this book bore out
> More than the bourgeois' fear and doubt.
> Alas, my talent and my way
> Of life are useless for to-day.

Mr. Fuller is straining every nerve to keep up with the times—I do not see why, if he thinks they are pregnant with nothing but disaster—and "he that runs against time has an antagonist not subject to casualties." I like poets to have more sensuous passion, more arrogance (but less aggressiveness), more chivalry and more stoicism than this. The "sick subhuman voice" of James Joyce, for instance, with its rich calmness, its penetrating charity, and its huge comprehension, is more my idea of what a poet's voice should be. What one misses in Mr. Fuller's work is any awareness of the permanent; he rejects, of course, the supernatural, but there are permanent natural and human values—the leisure of a fine day or the tension of a generous act. I should add, after these discouraging remarks, that Mr. Fuller writes with a crispness and a precision that I and many of his contemporaries must envy.

In one of the best poems in Mr. Blunden's rather uneven new collection, I find something that is almost like a diagnosis of Mr. Fuller's case, and the case of all poets who, having put their eggs in a single basket, find themselves left in the end with nothing but a yellow mess on the pavement:

> Being asked to conceive that the fortune of war
> now raging
> In forms of blazing metal and desperate valour
> Will settle the question of life worth living or not
> For a century hence, I could only doubt the
> relevance
> Of such slant argument. . . .
>
> When these swoln combats burst we discover the
> worst
> Of life's expressions; the gnawing nervous hour
> Sends us to talismans, tempts to formulas,
> To idols and to fears of idols. These
> I challenge; yet, did I accept them all,
> Still I have good authority, idols fall.

Mr. Fuller also writes, and with eloquence, of the "gnawing nervous hour"; but for him it is something ultimate, underlying all plausible

Create YOUR capital in advance!

LIFE ASSURANCE creates capital for future spending or provision of a retirement income. Through life assurance your family, should you die, will receive not what you have saved but what you *intended* to save. The Prudential Heritage Endowment Policy makes available

FOR YOURSELF
If you live 20 years,
£2,000
with bonuses added.

FOR YOUR FAMILY
Should you die within 20 years,
£200 CASH at death together with bonuses.
£6 A WEEK for the remainder of the 20 years, and
£1,800 CASH at the end of 20 years from the date of the policy.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1

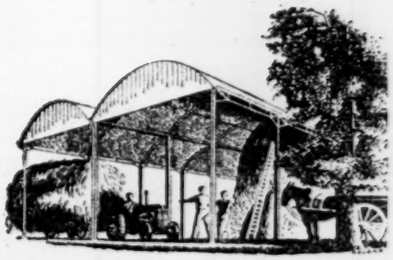
I desire full particulars of your Heritage Endowment Policy.

Name.....Date of Birth.....

Address.....

.....P.P.561

N.S. 26.11.49.



when the Dutch Barn is made by BOULTON AND PAUL

IT'S A FIRST CLASS JOB

Good workmanship is traditional at Boulton and Paul. For over 150 years there have always been sons eager to carry on in their father's footsteps. The Barfield family, to quote only one example, have been employed in the business for so long that the sheet metal shop is known as Barfield's Shop. A Barfield is still in charge and his son and brother work beside him.

BOULTON AND PAUL LTD · NORWICH · LONDON · BIRMINGHAM
STEEL CONSTRUCTION · WOODWORKING · WIRE NETTING · FENCING · REFRIGERATORS
CRC17

"You must refresh the mind"
WINSTON CHURCHILL

Mr. Winston Churchill used these words when receiving the £1,000 literary prize awarded to him by the "Sunday Times". His advice to English people was to make sure they read the great books of the English language. "... it is of the utmost importance that everyone should try to devote a certain portion of every week to reading."

The London School of Journalism delegated to Mr. L. A. G. Strong the task of preparing a Course in English Literature which would enable everyone to approach this great study with an expert counsellor to advise and discuss, by correspondence, the great works of our language.

The English Literature Course is fully described in "Writing for the Press", a free publication issued by the London School of Journalism, obtainable on application to:—

Prospectus Office
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1
MUSeum 4574

SIGHT & SOUND

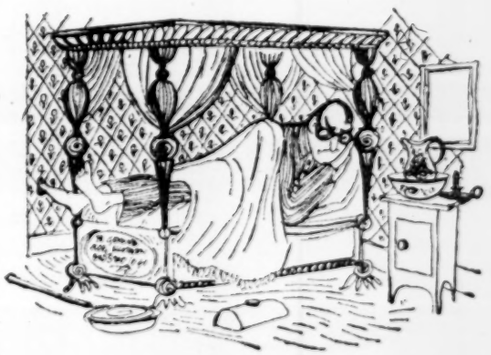
New Issue, ready December 12

"GIVE US THIS DAY"
Richard Winnington

Also: **Peter Ustinov, John Betjeman, Philip Hope-Wallace, Paul Rotha**

2/6 from bookshops, or by subscription from

THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE
164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2



Americans dream of a British hotel
But the motorist only dreams of

SHELL

—and when the days of "Pool petrol only" are over, you will find once more that—*you can be sure of Shell.*

Welcome Gifts . . .

Go into a W. H. Smith & Son shop and your gift problems will solve themselves as you look around you. Ideas for gifts that really will be welcomed abound at W.H.S. shops.

Get yours NOW from SMITH'S

W. H. SMITH & SON · Booksellers · Newsagents · Stationers

Weekend School on Eastern Europe

SPEAKERS:

Andrew Rothstein on the New Constitutions; **Wal Hannington** on the Trade Unions; **R. Page Arnot** on the Peasant Problems; **Aylmer Vallance** on East-West Trade. There will be speakers also from the **East European Countries.**

At the

Beatrice Webb House, near Dorking, Surrey, on January 7th and 8th, 1950.

Cost £2-2-0 per person all inclusive with fare from London.

Write for particulars to:

The Secretary, **The New Central European Observer**
35 Pont Street, London, S.W.1.

WHY NATIONALISE STEEL?

by

G. D. H. COLE

This brilliant analysis gives all the facts and figures for a complete understanding of this major political issue which will be hotly debated before and during the coming election.

48 pp. **2/-** diagrams

Obtainable from Newsagents and Booksellers or direct from the Publishers by post 2 2

NEW STATESMAN PAMPHLET

10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

images of peace, so that of Mr. Eliot's trio of poetic ultimates, "the horror, the boredom, and the glory," he seems to dismiss the glory as a figment:

> For this is not the cancer or the scream,
> A grotesque interlude, but what will seem
> On waking to us all
> Most natural—
> The gnawed incredible existence of a dream.

A purely negative, a purely "narking" attitude, cannot, even given great skill and great sincerity—Mr. Fuller has both—produce satisfactory poetry. The negative statement must be counterpointed, somehow, by some kind of positive affirmation. It is difficult to formulate that affirmation in our own time. With Mr. Blunden, the affirmation may often seem rhetorical rather than poetical,

> The ennoblement of faith, the peace of power:
> None conquering, none conquered; dreadless life aflower,

but it is well that it should be made at all, even if sketchily.

Mr. Blunden is a poet who seems never quite to have fulfilled his splendid early promise. His new book of poems is full of accurate observation and generous feeling, but there is a slackness, a flatness, or sometimes merely a strange lack of literary tact, in much of the writing. One is faintly embarrassed, for instance, in a memorial poem for a dead friend, by this too homely and too bookmanlike metaphor:

> Kind Carlow! listen still, his laugh,
> His generous nature's autograph
> Upon the book of life,

and then a little later, the surely redundant assertion,

> No Shelley he . . .

The vocabulary is still largely that of the Georgians (a little fey and precious to modern tastes), but what is more disturbing is that so is the syntax:

> Are these mere flowery parallels,
> Frail fancies? not to me.
> Within these flowers and those there dwells
> The same felicity;
> And so all ages have declared,
> *Or with too shy surmise compared.*

Compared (the modern reader is likely to ask sharply) *what* with *what?* The rest of the poem makes it clear that it is a matter of the traditional poetic comparison of beautiful young women to flowers, but the syntax of the last line there (with the added confusion of the "with" of "with too shy surmise") has a most awkward and truncated effect. Yet Mr. Blunden, when he takes sufficient pains, is an extremely satisfactory poet. And he writes poems, too, like the poem *Inter Arma* from which I have quoted at length, in which the integrity of the total conception somehow transcends the unevenness of the parts. For all those readers (and I am one of them) who can enjoy genuine but imperfect poems, there will be much pleasure in this book.

Mr. David Campbell, a young Australian poet, comes from a pastoral country and can therefore write, without affectation, in a pastoral tradition. His poems have a pleasing raciness, sturdiness, and sense of scene. There are many echoes both of the attitudes and the tones of Yeats (not the Yeats of esoteric mysteries, but the Yeats who said "the Muse loves the warty boys" and who praised "hard-riding country gentlemen"): as these,

> Before his final bed is made
> Let each ripen in his trade. . . .
>
> But though all night he sing his song
> He cannot make an old man young. . . .
>
> He is the season's fool
> And nothing earns but banter
> Who sighing meets his girl
> As if he did not want her.

In its weaker moments, certainly, this heartiness becomes Chestertonian,

> "Yet found more truth in a pint of beer
> Than your philosophy,"

and there is sometimes, in the use of Australian history and legend, a too conscious folkishness. Nevertheless, Mr. Campbell's volume is well worth reading if only to reassure ourselves that it is still possible to-day to write poetry which is traditional without being bookish and contemporary without being tied to urban scenes and metropolitan attitudes.

G. S. FRASER

MUSIC AND ITS INSTRUMENTS

Essay on the True Art of Playing Keyboard Instruments. By C. P. E. BACH. Translated by WILLIAM J. MITCHELL. *Cassell.* 30s.
Keyboard Music from the Middle Ages to the Beginnings of the Baroque. By GERALD STARES BEDBROOK. *Macmillan.* 21s.
The Instruments of Music. By ROBERT DONINGTON. *Methuen.* 18s.

If a musician of the late eighteenth century spoke of Bach he would be understood to mean not Johann Sebastian but one of his sons, and probably Carl Philipp Emanuel, for whose "taste and refinement," "so different from the dry and laboured style of his father," Dr. Burney found it so difficult to account. Not only was Emanuel Bach an important composer in the early history of the sonata and the symphony; he was a renowned keyboard player and court musician, first under Frederick the Great in Berlin and later at Hamburg, and the author of this *Essay*, which won a European reputation and the highest commendation from Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. First published in two parts in 1753 and 1762, and more than once reissued with the author's amendments, it has had to wait two centuries for a complete English translation. It is a good deal more comprehensive than the title suggests. That was a great age for musical theorists, especially in North Germany; it was also the climax of the thorough-bass period, when that convenient method of musical short-hand was growing so cumbersome as to defeat the composer's purpose. The accompanist's task was far more complex than the solo player's; he had to be familiar with the rules of composition and with two very different styles, the learned or contrapuntal, as practised by J. S. Bach, and the *galant* of the succeeding generation. Bach's *Essay* therefore is at once a keyboard manual, a textbook on harmony and a reply to rival teachers and theorists. Not that he allowed himself to be bothered much by theory; the secret of his contemporary success, and of the book's enduring interest, is his extremely practical approach. "I oppose everything that makes for unnecessary trouble and destroys incentive." But a system whereby every chord is reckoned according to its bass and inversions are taken as fresh chords still seems laboured to us, and it is not surprising that Bach's attempt to systematise the rapidly expanding idiom of his day did not win general recognition. He was in fact flogging a sick horse; he explicitly rejected Rameau's theory of harmony, on which modern teaching is based, perhaps because it was a theory. But his long section on thorough bass is of great historical and practical value, and so is his detailed discussion of the proper treatment of ornaments, a subject of acute controversy in his own day and since.

This is a long book, although many of its 450 pages are occupied by copious musical examples in large type; it is drily technical and without grace of style. But we catch an occasional glimpse of the man behind the teacher. His taste, like his father's, was eclectic; he admired French keyboard writing and Italian *bel canto*. He never mistook the trees for the wood; he emphasises the expressive purpose behind every technical device and condemns the worship of virtuosity for its own sake in much the same terms that Gluck was applying to contemporary opera. He recommends all keyboard players to "think in terms of song" by listening to the best singers. He was not without a touch of dry humour: in encouraging pupils to realise chromatic basses, he observes "I have assigned many of my father's basses to students without endangering their lives." His remarks on the accompanist's role have a mellowness reminiscent of Mr. Gerald

Moore: "With extreme modesty he tries to assist those whom he accompanies to win coveted honours, even though his powers may at times outstrip theirs." The translation reads well, and Professor Mitchell's introduction and notes are full of valuable background matter taken from out-of-the-way contemporary sources. The ugly word "keyboardist" is perhaps justified by the all-embracing "*Clavierist*," but the rendering "affects" for the technical term "*Die Affekte*" is more dubious. The fact that the book was printed in America prevents cavilling at the use of terms, such as "tone" for "note," which may worry an English reader.

Mr. Bedbrook takes the story of keyboard music as far as Frescobaldi. As a collection of facts and a guide to sources his book is very useful. It is well documented and contains details of medieval organs, lists of organists and complete catalogues of the keyboard works, published and manuscript, of Merulo, the Gabrielis and Frescobaldi. The organ is clearly Mr. Bedbrook's main interest; he does not mention either the development of the secular dance-suite or the Elizabethan experiments with programme music. His aesthetic judgments are less valuable. Laudatory epithets are distributed so generously that they soon lose their flavour. Having exhausted the vocabulary of praise on Andrea Gabrieli, he has little further to pull out for the greater Giovanni, whose orchestral works he (very understandably) cannot resist analysing in detail, though they are hardly relevant. A somewhat injudicious blurb may lead the reader to expect a more original thesis than Mr. Bedbrook offers. He brings no evidence to refute the view of historians that the keyboard music of the middle ages developed out of the vocal music and was slow to assert its independence. The book is marred by a certain amount of loose writing. It is misleading to assert that Willaert "was probably instrumental in laying down the foundation of tonic and dominant harmony." The statement that the *canzon* of the Gabrielis "in many ways was a forerunner of the later sonata, its theme being not only more predominant, but used in frequent imitation," begs more questions than it answers. What type of sonata? More predominant than what? Phrases such as "a degree of intensity that can only be described as genius" or "Frescobaldi's counterpoint is expressive to the point of mysticism" do not tell us very much. The word "renaissance" is misused on page 116. "These, though excellent, are not outstanding" is a contradiction in terms. A sentence on p. 83 suggests that de Rore was an Italian; he was a Fleming.

Mr. Donington sets out not only to provide "a textbook of musical instruments and their working principles," but to answer the fundamental questions "What really happens when we listen to music? What is its raw material? How does it work?" This is a formidable assignment, but he fulfils it triumphantly. He need not have apologised for the difficulty of his opening chapters, in which he makes the knotty problems of acoustics not only accessible but enthralling. He draws analogies from the spectrum, sets us listening for the notes of the harmonic series in an electric fire, and invites the awful conclusion that the acoustics of all our concert halls would be falsified if the audience suddenly ceased to wear clothes. His reminder that discord is not merely a matter of custom but an objective fact (as well as only one element in the artistic balance) is calculated to ease a troubled spirit.

Mr. Donington's writing is clear and concise; he includes an astonishing amount of detail without blurring the main lines, and his only notable omission is a word of explanation on transposing instruments. The body of the book is a discussion of the instruments by families, not excluding the human voice. Mr. Donington is critical of the way certain instruments have developed, and indeed a faint prejudice in favour of antiquity may be detected. This of course is far preferable to that "illusion of unbroken progress," which he confesses is his particular bugbear. He is a little summary with the tubas, but has a soft spot for the serpent (he vouches for "its astonishing compass, and its full, flexible tone, ranging from a gentle cooing to the noisy bellow of an ox"), and recommends the nurture of three whole families of oboes and two of bassoons, while sadly recognising that the main obstacle is likely to be economic. Many will support his plea for the Bach trumpet in D, "this prince of instruments," and his admirable last word on the cinema organ. The five Appendices include an annotated bibliography and an excellent summary of the temperament crux. Both Mr. Bedbrook's and Mr. Donington's books are highly priced for their length (170 and 175 pages); but the copious and charming plates are a compensation.

WINTON DEAN

ENGLAND WITHOUT TEARS

No Cause for Alarm. By VIRGINIA COWLES. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

Which is the better way of presenting post-war Britain to an American audience—an appeal *à la Miniver* or a Socialist challenge? Virginia Cowles, before the war a very lively American journalist, and now the farmer wife of the Member for Buckingham, has tried a non-partisan mixture of both, in a book primarily intended for an American public. True to its title, *No Cause for Alarm* is a conversation piece in pastel shades. Its theme is neither the emergence of a new Social Democracy nor the decline and fall of an Empire, but the adaptation of the British tradition to a sudden change of status. Whether she is discussing the Conservative Party or the Trade Unions, the Press or Oxford University, her technique remains the same: to portray some typical personalities against a lightly drawn background of history and anecdote. Occasionally, as in her description of rural electioneering, she allows herself a piece of first-rate reportage on English life; but, by and large, she is less concerned with the People than with people who matter.

In judging post-war England, Miss Cowles retains both her amateur status and the detachment of her birth. Politicians of all parties will complain that she is scrupulously fair to their opponents and a little unkind about themselves. The very rich will be angry to find themselves depicted by one of their most charming guests as still very rich and rather silly; and the working class may resent being observed from a strictly middle-class angle. But most people will read on, in the hope of seeing someone they dislike caught in a slightly ridiculous posture, which he hoped had passed unnoticed. As for the great American public, it will be reassured that, despite all changes, England is still both quaint and formidable—and still run by a ruling class.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

to any country in Europe, £2 10s. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main air port.
Africa West, £3. South and East, £3 5s.
India, Pakistan, £3 12s. Singapore, Malaya, £3 15s.
Hong Kong, £4. Australia, £5.
New Zealand, £5 5s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile London, W.C.1. Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
150, East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
Surface, $5.50 yearly. Air Express, $15 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1½d. Canada, 1d.*

ELLERMAN & BUCKNALL LINE

LONDON to South Africa
CAPE TOWN, PORT ELIZABETH, EAST LONDON, DURBAN, LOURENCO MARQUES, BEIRA

FIRST CLASS THROUGHOUT
FARE TO CAPE TOWN
£63 — £100

Head Office:
104-7, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the **Matric.**; School Cert.; University Entrance; B. Com.; B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B. and other external London Degrees, **Civil Service Examinations,** etc.

Also expert postal tuition for **Prelim. Exams.** and for the professional exams. in **Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management,** &c., and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

MORE THAN 30,000 POST-WAR EXAMINATION SUCCESSES
and hundreds of First Places, Prizes and other Honours

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Textbook lending library. Moderate fees payable by instalments.
Write to-day for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D1/4).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST. ALBANS
or call, 30, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

PUCKLE HILL HOUSE VOCATIONAL TRAINING COLLEGE for the Cerebral Palsied (Spastic Paralysis) offers a residential training in gardening, poultry keeping, domestic science and various crafts. Students are admitted from 14 years, and those suffering from allied handicaps will be considered. For Prospectus apply to the **Principal, Puckle Hill House, Shorne, Nr. Gravesend, Kent.**

BOOKCASES are coming back at the Phoenix in increasing supply and in some variety. Prices are, for the present, surprisingly low for the old high quality. Whatever your book-housing problem, get details from the Phoenix Gallery (Dept. R), 38 William IV Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2 (Tem 0525); or better, call and see.

WINTER HOLIDAYS

Summer may have gone, but a holiday week in a quiet guest house is still a pleasant venture. Here are four where you can find good food, comfortable accommodation and attractive surroundings. Southbourne, Bournemouth; Shanklin, I.O.W. (both £4 10 0 per week); Lyme Regis, Dorset (£3 17 6 per week); Killerton, Devon (£3 15 0 per week). Write W.T.A. Ltd., Eccleston Court, Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone: VICtoria 6631

The ruling class is, indeed, the motif of Miss Cowles' book, and explains the rather surprising title, *No Cause for Alarm*. Randolph Churchill first used the words in 1892, when he observed, "We are now come, or coming fast, to a time when Labour laws will be made by the Labour interest for the advantage of Labour . . . Personally, I can discern no cause for alarm in this prospect." The history of Britain, in Miss Cowles's philosophy, has been a history not of class war, but of class absorption. She watches yet another class, Labour, being integrated into an oligarchic society. England, she suggests, with the scepticism of a feminine Bagehot, is still run by the best people. But the best people are changing; and, to know the new England you have got to make some new acquaintances. It is a pleasant philosophy, which faithfully reflects the policies and moods of the present Government. Miss Cowles has set her sights low and scored a bull's-eye.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A REWARDING CRITIC

Inclinations. By EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

True appreciation of the arts has become almost as rare as true creativeness. In the introductory chapter and the concluding paragraph of *Inclinations*, Mr. Sackville West makes it clear that literary criticism must be more than a *jeu d'esprit* at the expense of the subject. He is aware that if the intelligent critics continue to "debunk" their betters with the destructive and self-destructive zest of nihilists, both criticism and creative literature will become meaningless. "A refusal to countenance any attitude to *sensibilia* other than the analytic," he writes in a different context, "must result in a mental impoverishment which would end by abolishing the analyst along with the artist."

He has therefore taken pains to define his own criteria and is nowhere guilty of the negative cleverness which is the revenge of the uncreative and the unsuccessful. He has drawn attention to another fashionable vice, that of "robbing Peter to pay Paul," or of comparing two dissimilar artists in order to disparage one of them. Frequent allusions to artists in another medium or of a different country are one of the characteristics of his own approach; but their function is to illustrate and enrich his judgments.

Eleven of the twenty essays in this book are devoted to novelists, English and French. Mr. Sackville West can be fair to Dickens and Elizabeth Bowen, Fromentin and Malraux. Though he prefers the "difficult, highly organised" and elaborate construction of certain novels by Henry James and Meredith, he can enjoy the novel of action, admire the large canvas of Zola's *Le Débâcle* and the classical directness of Mauriac. He succeeds in being eclectic as well as discerning. Only in one case, that of Stendhal, has he reacted too strongly against the accepted view; to compare Stendhal to the "great professionals"—the greatest of whom, incidentally, admired his work—and to call him a failure as a result, is an example of the method which Mr. Sackville West himself condemns. Stendhal, aware of his limitations, was considerate enough to save his posthumous fans the trouble of reading potential novels which could never have been more than variations on his one theme—surely we should be grateful for the finished novels and leave it at that.

Mr. Sackville West has made up for this lapse by doing justice to Fromentin's *Dominique* and Vigny's *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires*, two unobtrusive masterpieces hardly known to the common reader. There are brilliant essays on *The Witch of Edmonton*, on the Shelley-Harriet-Hogg triangle, and on the poetic image. The last contains such surprising observations as: "A common disaster unites Valéry's *Jeune Parque* and the early work of Dylan Thomas"; but even this analogy has the logical support of a distinction made earlier on: "If the classical poet pursues his images, the romantic is pursued by them; and frequently overtaken." Mr. Sackville West's knowledge not only of three literatures, but of music and painting, enables him to discover similarities between Yeats and Cocteau, Zola and Wagner, Malraux and Courbet.

The essays on George, Rilke and *The Legacy of Germany in Music and Literature* show rare insight into the German predicament. Mr. Sackville West sees more than the individual work; even his generalisations are to the point: "The tragedy of German creative writers of the nineteenth century was that they strove to do what their brothers, the composers, were doing better; for it is only in music that spiritual opposites can truly be dissolved into an organic whole." Stefan George, most of whose works are still not available in English translation, has received the tribute he deserves; the essay on Rilke, on the other hand betrays the influence of Professor Butler's unsympathetic biography.

Inclinations is full of unexpected corners and non-literary asides; it is never slack, laboured or pontifical. Very aptly, the author has prefaced his collection with a quotation from Dr. Johnson: "The only end of writing is to enable readers better to enjoy life, or better to endure it." Those who read this book will certainly be tempted—though not every reader is so much at ease as Mr. Sackville West in three languages—to become better acquainted with all the works discussed.

The last essay in the book, that on Delacroix, ends on a solemn note; the concluding words are occasioned by the following entry in the painter's journal:

> What is beautiful is beautiful: I don't care in what period it was done or for whom . . . I shall admire what deserves it to the day of my death, and if I am the last of my race, I shall tell myself that after the night which is to follow me on the hemisphere that I inhabit there will be a daybreak again somewhere . . .

Mr. Sackville West's comment, to the effect that the heritage of Western Europe must be kept alive "for the nourishment and delectation of a far distant future," is a bitter one.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

NEW CHESS BOOKS

Adventures in Composition. By COMINS MANSFIELD. *Chess : Sutton Coldfield.* 15*s.*

Alekhine's Best Games. Edited by C. H. O'D. ALEXANDER. *Bell.* 9*s.*

The English edition of Mansfield's book (first published in the U.S.A. a few years ago) should be very welcome because it gives problem-lovers the rare opportunity of watching the genesis of a chess problem rather than of getting a mere collection of the finished articles. Equally commendable is the author's wisdom in strictly limiting this book to two-movers and to very few themes at that: this enables him to devote many pages to each problem, dealing with it from the concept of the first vague idea, through all its stages of trial and error, to the finished article duly cleansed of "cooks" and other flaws. What with a generous supply of diagrams for each stage of the budding problem, it should be quite easy even for the less experienced reader to enjoy the book without having to set up board and pieces.

The Alekhine collection is the third (and last) volume of the series, and contains the best of his games from 1938 to 1945, shortly before his death. With Margate, Avro and the South American tournaments immediately before the war dominating the first half of the book, the second contains the best games played by Alekhine in the Third Reich and (after 1944) in Spain and Portugal. Whatever we heard about the master's incomparable prowess having deteriorated during that period, is certainly not born out by the quality of these games, some of which, even very near the end, still show the unmistakable Alekhine touch. The annotations, as one might well expect from Alexander, are readable no less than instructive. My only grudge is that the introduction and other references to what one might call the "human touch" are a little on the short side. But this may be due to the fact that an earlier volume of the series contained a full biography. The present volume, at any rate, is well indexed, with regard to opponents and tournaments as well as openings.

ASSIAC

Germany's Contribution to Economic Life; Control of Germany; The Churches in Germany; Education in Occupied Germany. *Chatham House.* 5*s.* each.

These four volumes are the joint work of the institutes for the study of international affairs of Britain, the United States, France, the Netherlands, and, surprisingly enough, of Poland. They illustrate, with the exception of the last of these, two things. They show that "international affairs" is a field in which the Tories have more or less undivided sway; secondly, that the mere collecting of facts about Germany fails to add up to a policy for re-education and reconstruction. The volume dealing with *Control*, perhaps the most controversial, reveals a blissful indifference to the fulcral problem of ownership—except where the Dutch delegates, in all apparent seriousness, suggest that the best means of controlling the German steel combines is to merge these into international combines. The Dutch contribution contains, for example, this gem: that "financial control, not dictated by power politics, not promoted by political power-blocs which are by nature liable to fluctuation, can, however, be durably rooted." Monopolies are all right, it seems, so long as they are international. The Polish contributor, Dr. Tadeusz Lychowski of the University of Cracow, is alone in objecting that Germany should have received first place under the Marshall Plan, while Dr. Percy Bidwell, the American contributor, seeks to defend and justify the Acheson concept—that "putting in order the German production is considered by the American Government as the cornerstone of the Plan which the European countries will be able to elaborate within the framework of the Marshall Plan." Professor Hawtrey, for Chatham House, contributes a thoughtful but inconclusive paper on Germany's

Learn complete theory of

Shorthand by Christmas

Less than **one hour a night** of fascinating sparetime study will give you mastery of all the rules of streamlined Dutton Shorthand *by Christmas*, if you act promptly. There is then nothing new to learn and regular practice builds up speeds to 150-200 words a minute. Thousands have made good with Dutton—it's so easy to learn, easy to write, easy to read.

or Ordinary Writing at 120 w.p.m.

Dutton Speedwords, the new fast-writing system using ordinary letters instead of signs, can be used for rapid note-taking from the first hour of study. Much used as a practical time-saver by busy executives and professional people. Can be typed or written at 100-120 words a minute, and used for ALL LANGUAGES. Ordinary matter averages only two letters per word. Warmly commended by G. Bernard Shaw and Prof. Hogben.

FREE test lessons

Test yourself on the free first lesson (no obligation) of either Dutton Shorthand or Dutton Speedwords. Tear out this advt. and send it with your name and address, enclosing 2½d. stamp for interesting booklet and free lesson, stating clearly which interests you (enclose 5d. if both desired).

THE DUTTON SCHOOL

Dept. NS11, 92-93 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1

part in European economic life. The series is completed by two volumes on education and the churches in occupied Germany.

The Saturday Book. No. 9. Edited by LEONARD RUSSELL. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Nostalgia, the frailty of our middle years, seems to be this pretty book's prevailing motif. A little of it is charming; much of it enervates, suggests inbreeding. Still, Mr. Russell is too good an editor not to salt his anthology with information and—his strongest point—illustration: the reproductions, both colour and photographic are delightful. We may look at excellent studies of Siamese cats, and of shop windows; we may read of M. Worth, of Cellini's gold salt-cellar, of a day spent by Mr. Julian Huxley in Petra, the rose-red city; of the Mountbatten family. (There is nothing, by the way, on books and their authors). Mr. Raymond Mortimer, without any question the writer's writer, bids farewell, with graceful irony, to London. Mr. Harold Hobson tells some secrets of the dramatic critic's craft. The story of Florence Nightingale's pet owl is recorded by her sister Parthenope. Mr. Fred Bason, a true original, tells his life story. Miss Dilys Powell describes with freshness the Downland shepherd's work. Mr. Patrick Campbell's devastating account of a day in a literary editor's life should not be read by sensitive book reviewers, and certainly not by anyone else. These are all to be recommended. What should, very likely, have been the most sparkling section—the one called *Confessions*—was, alas, the heaviest. We shall refrain from identifying the distinguished persons, literary and theatrical, who answered questions about their favourite holiday and similar matters with the awful flatness of honesty. Just one of the party knew how to play this particular game with style. It was Miss Hermione Gingold.

Schiller. By H. B. GARLAND. *Harrap.* 15*s.*

In spite of the Goethe celebrations this year, it would be rash to claim that there is a genuine revival of interest in German literature. However familiar Goethe's name may have become to the general public in the course of this year, his works—with the possible exception of *Faust*—are likely to remain unread. While this neglect may be partly due to the lack of adequate translations, Schiller is even less accessible; his preoccupation with ideas is a formidable obstacle which could be overcome only by stage performances of his plays. Schiller's didacticism disqualified him as a lyrical poet, but in the narrative ballads and in the plays his idealism is well integrated with the subject matter and only rarely obtrudes. Professor Garland's book will serve as a useful introduction to Schiller's works; it provides a biography of the poet and detailed accounts of the plays, including synopses of the plots. Professor Garland's judgments are sound, though never original; he is content to state the facts or to comment on them superficially, without attempting to analyse, penetrate or interpret. At times his style is marred by an academic weariness, as when he writes: "From January 1791, when he first conceived the idea, to March 1799, when he put the finishing touch to *Wallensteins Tod*, he had spent more than eight years on it." *Wallensteins Lager* is not, as Professor Garland states, written in "octosyllabic rhyming verse"; its peculiar quality derives from the use of an irregular line of eight, nine or ten syllables.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,032

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes are offered for extracts of not more than 150 words from THE NEW STATESMAN of 25 years hence. Entries by December 8th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,029

Set by Mark Ogilvie

"A tenor is not a voice, it's a disease!" Mr. Bernard Shaw once said. Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to submit a set of six epigrams, in the same form, on the following subjects: women, rations, dog-racing, genius, film stars, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Witty punning not excluded.

Report by Mark Ogilvie

It was sad but understandable that no-one should have found it possible to produce six good epigrams. "Six of them! More than enough for a modern play!" as W. T. Robinson unkindly protested. One might more fairly complain that the airy irascible charm of the original was also missing. With rare exceptions even the better epigrams seemed to have had too much thought and time spent on them; they made their points, but didn't quite let themselves go. Too many competitors ignored the required form of the sentence, and I was indulgent only to those who were both passably near and bright. Of those hopelessly wide I liked best "The Woman's place is on the phone" (P. D. de Gough). The chief surprise was the hostility provoked by the word "genius," defined by almost everyone either as a mode of self-advertisement, or as a trick to get other people to do the dull work. If reviewers deserve some blame for this, surely it's some time now since they've used the word indiscriminately, and surely we do still believe that it means something? Women inspired the best shots, then dog-racing. B. H. Whyte, A. M. Sayers, W. T. Robinson, and E. G. Semler are awarded a guinea each, two guineas to be divided between "Little Billee," Hugh Jenkins, and A. Westlake. Only the best shots of the prize-winners are printed, and below there's a selection by subject.

Film stars are not born, they're exposed.
Genius is not spontaneous fire, it's the spark trail from the grindstone.
Rations are not a domestic problem, they're a national week-end competition.
Women are not sirens, they're loud-speakers.
B. H. WHYTE

Women do not believe flatterers; only their flattery.
Rations are not enough but just enough.
Genius is not gift but a ruinous loan.
A. M. SAYERS

Women are not a temptation, they're a punishment.
Rations are not fair shares, they are Government Securities.
Film stars are not artists, they are faults in negatives.
W. T. ROBINSON

Rations are not food, they're propaganda.
Dog racing is not a sport, it's a civilisation.
G.B.S. is not a man—he's the Labour party's guilt complex.
E. G. SEMLER

Woman is not a plain fact; she's a made-up explanation.
Mr. Bernard Shaw is not really a Socialist; he's an illustration of the financial success of the "prophet motif."
LITTLE BILLEE

Women are not people, they are generalisations.
Rations are not food, they are principles.
Film stars do not enliven, they enlarge.
HUGH JENKINS

Film stars are not natural Hamlets, they're Max-factored hams.
Dog-racing is not a sport of the lower income brackets, it's a support of the higher incomes racket.
Mr. Bernard Shaw is no sage, he's a punch of parsleyflage.
A. WESTLAKE

Women

All women are dears, naturally some are dearer than others.
ROBERT GAFFIKIN

Women never lose the thread of an argument, they simply get tied up in knots.
HENRY WALTER

Women are not "the devil"—they are even more attractive.
C. S. COOK

Woman isn't a baggage, she's a Revelation!
L. E. J.

Women do not make better halves except in comfortable quarters.
MARGARET B. MARTIN

Woman is not inflexible: there's a divinity that shapes her bends.
GUY INNES

Women are not an all-time blessing; they are a long time dressing.
T. E. CATON

Women are not Bed-mates but Nightmares.
W. A. BATTY

Dog-Racing

Dog-racing is not a sport, it's a canine misapprehension.
C. S. COOK

Dog-racing is not the chasing of electric hares, but the cheating of gullible rabbits.
ALAN WHARAM

Dog-racing appeals, not to the dogs, but to their betters.
TYNTAX

Dog-racing is not the opium of the masses, it's their benzedrine.
H. A. WICKSTEAD

Rations

Rations are not food, only a reminder of it.
ERIC HUTCHINSON

Rations are not really insufficient; it's just that we could eat more.
W. H. VICTORY

Rations are not nice dividends, they're vulgar fractions.
MICHAEL O'BEIRNE

Film Stars

Film stars are not actors and actresses but wish-fulfilments.
PITHECUS

Film Stars are not born: they are made up.
JAMES Y. FINLAYSON

Film Stars do not marry or divorce; they merely Reno old friendship.
D. R. PEDDY

Genius

Genius is not an infinite capacity for taking pains, it's taking pains to draw on an infinite capacity.
G. J. BLUNDELL

Genius is not sent from heaven, it is a depth charge from the lower region.
C. M. WALKENDINE

Genius is not exceptional talent but a fecundity of creative power.
L. GRAY

G. B. S.

Mr. Shaw isn't a institution, he's a department store.
GRANVILLE GARLEY

Bernard Shaw is not an Englishman: he is John Bull's Other Ireland.
GUY INNES

COME ON OVER + NOW WE CAN TALK BUSINESS =

"Right— I'll fly at once!"

Now that the dollar situation is more favourable, British goods will find a readier market in America. Only personal contact will enable you to take full advantage of these new business opportunities. B.O.A.C.'s frequent Atlantic service will fly you without delay by reliable Constellation Speedbird, pressurized for high altitude flying. Complimentary meals; no tips or extras for countless comforts and courtesies. It's part of B.O.A.C.'s 30-year-old tradition of Speedbird service and experience.

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

BOOK NOW! *No charge for advice, information or bookings by Speedbird to all six continents at your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, London, S.W.1. Telephone: VICtoria 2323.*

FLY BRITISH BY B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION